VICE
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VOLUME 14 NUMBER 4

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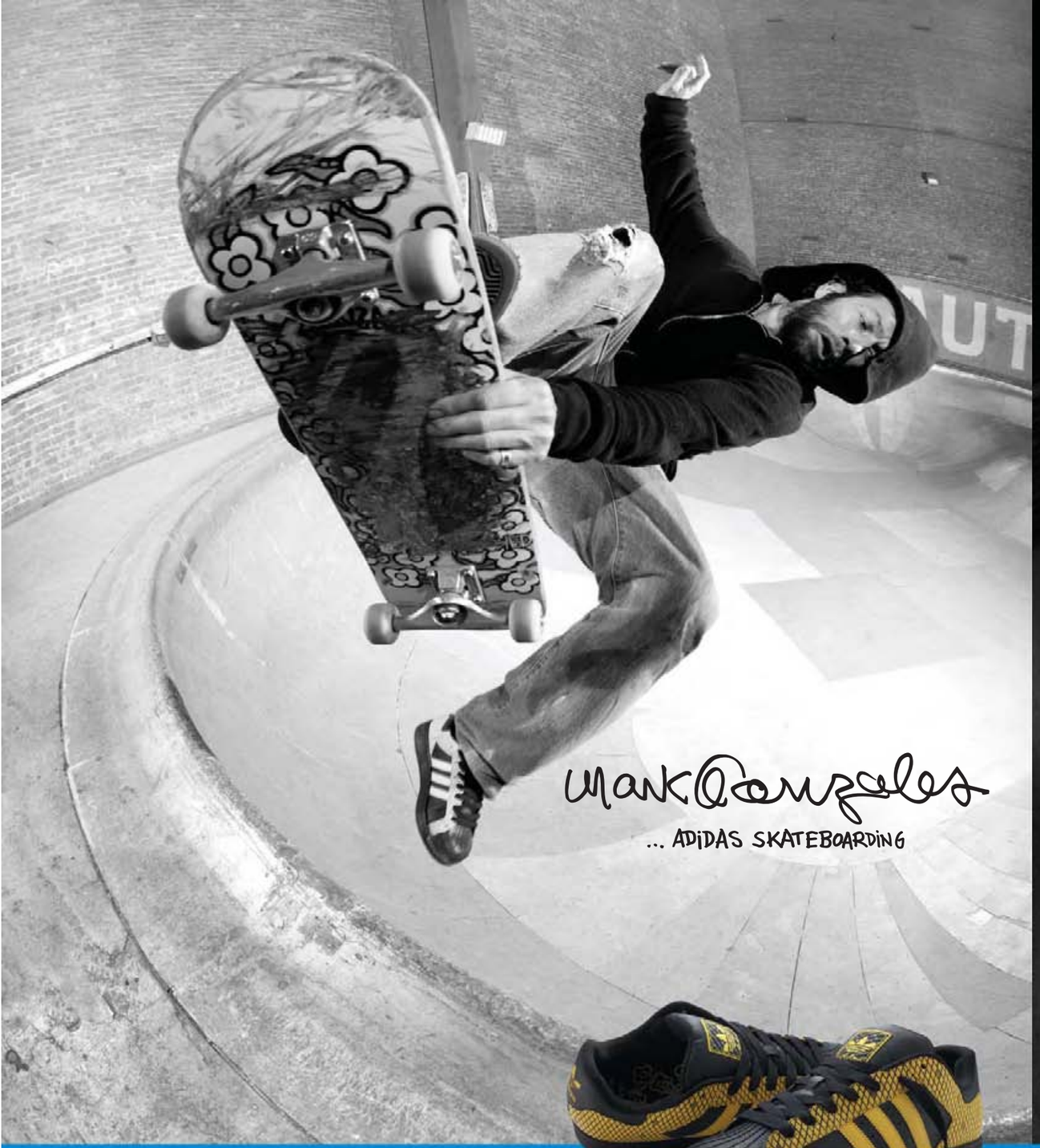

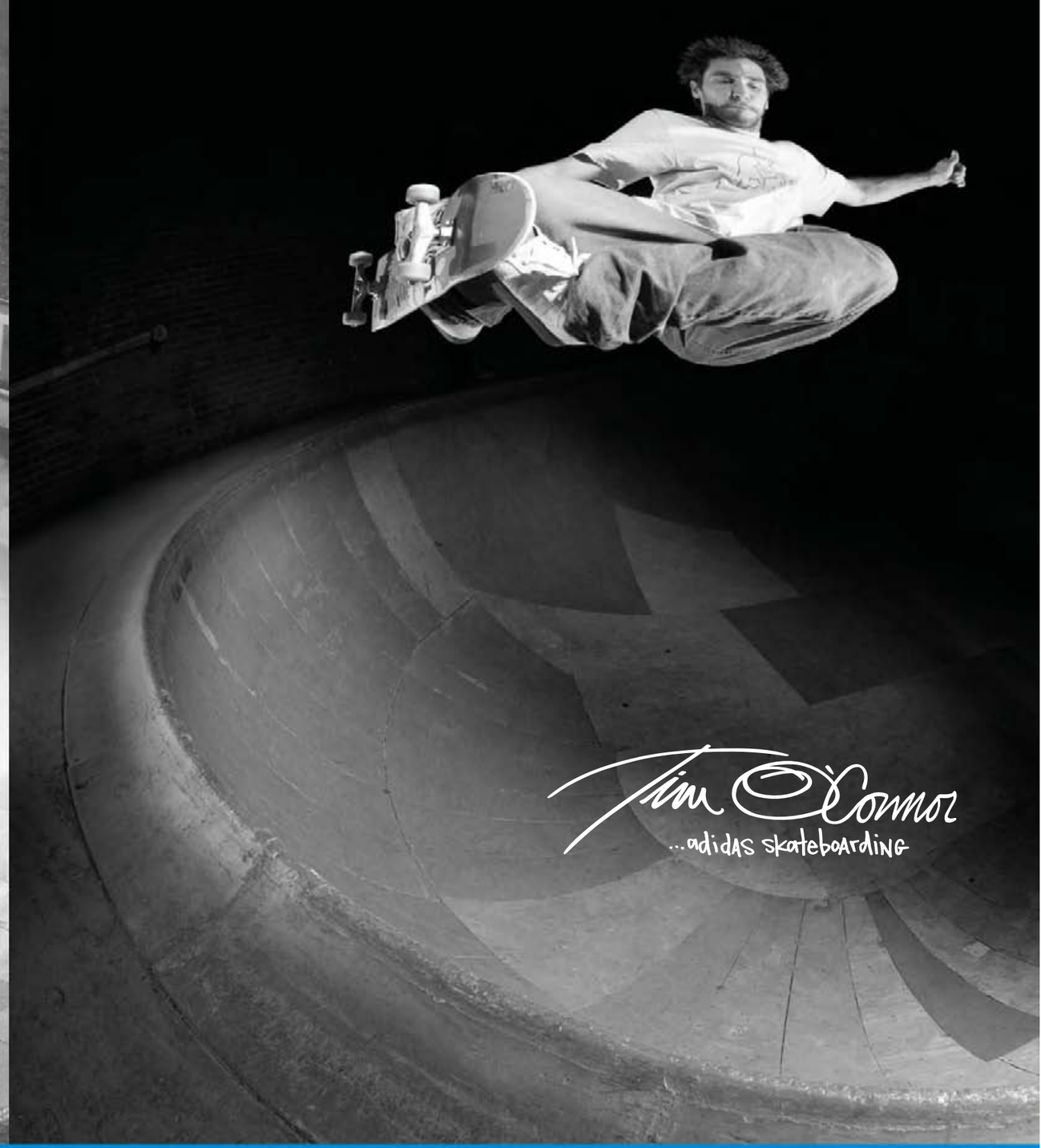

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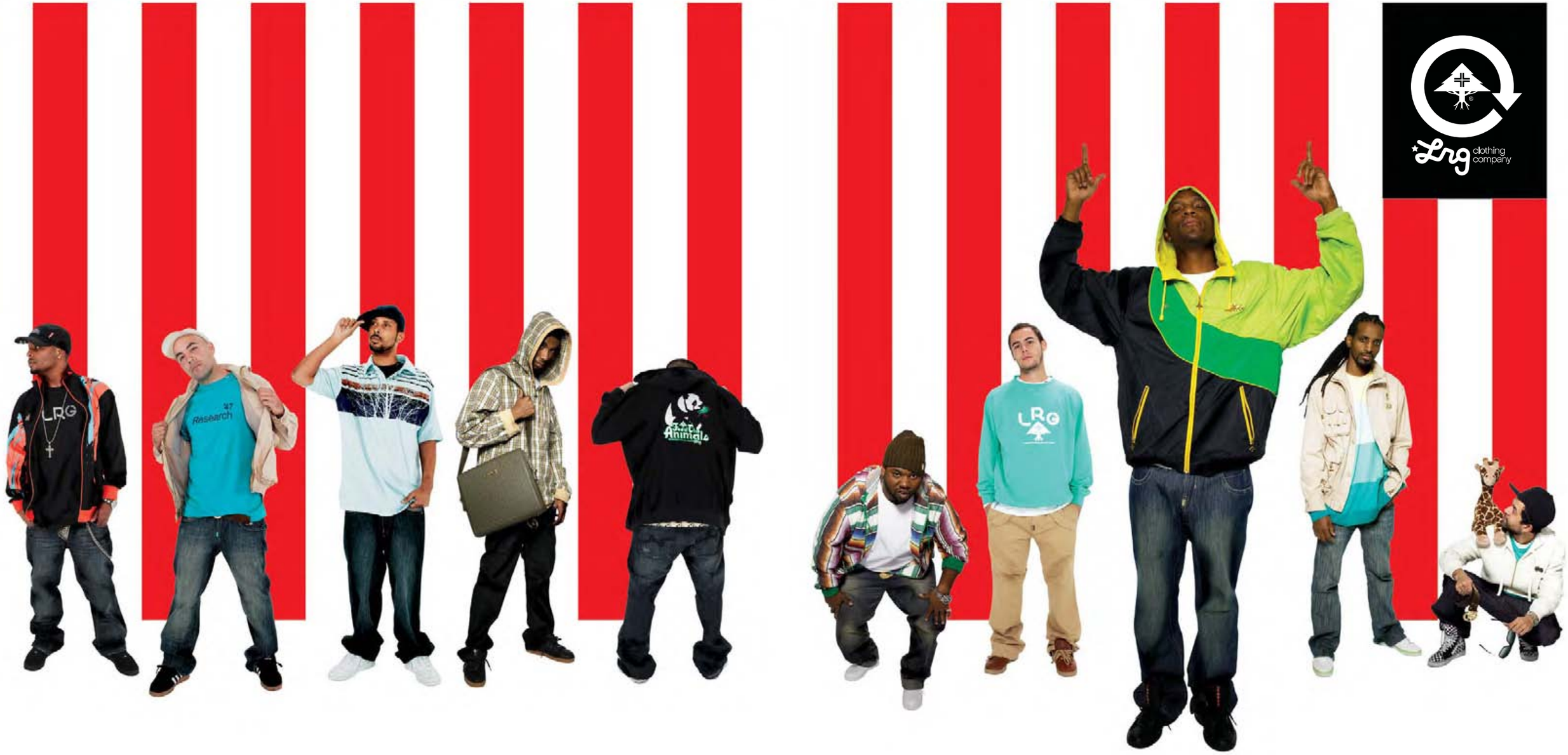

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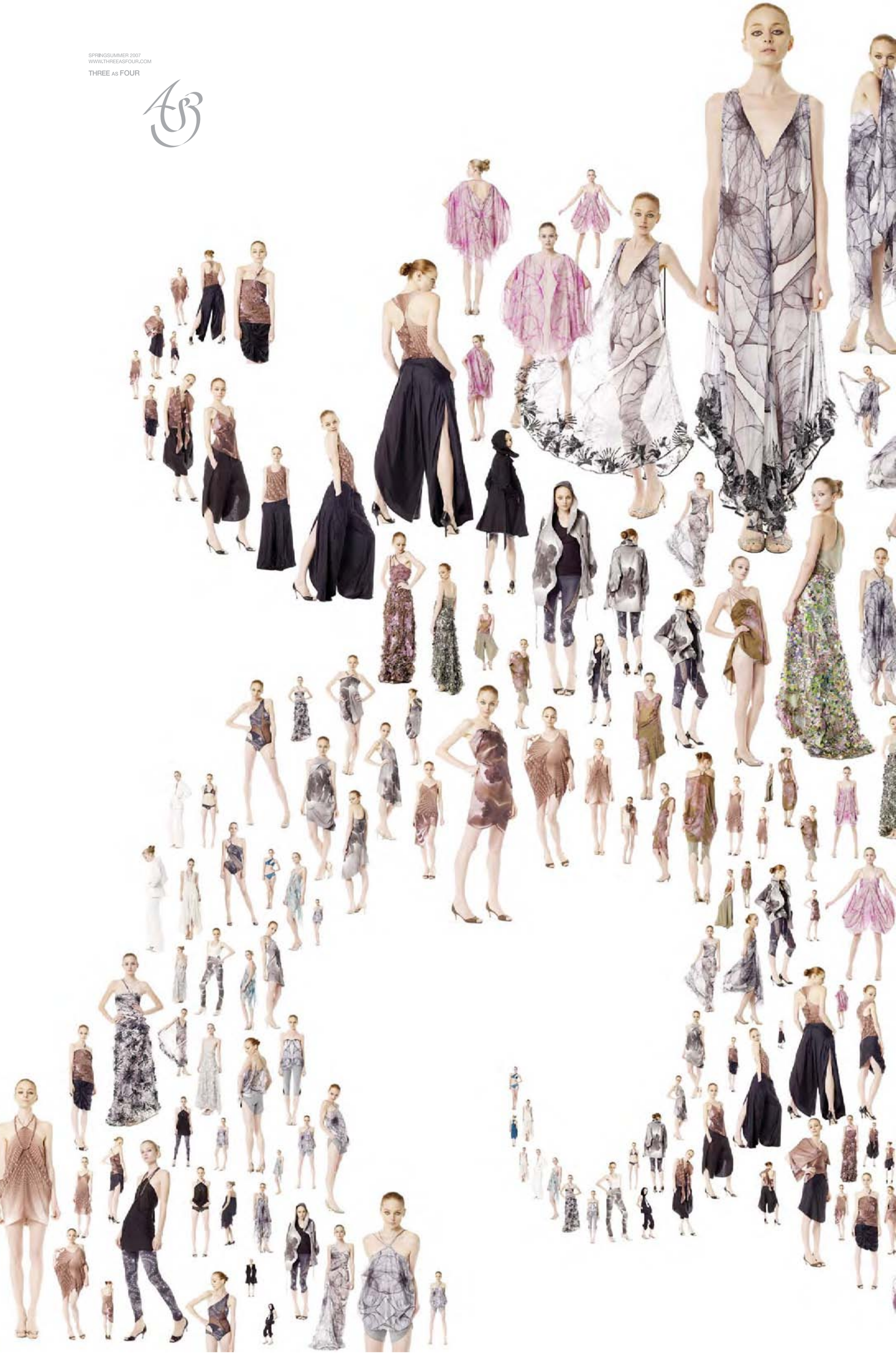

Photo by Ed Zipco

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Cover photo by Ryan McGinley

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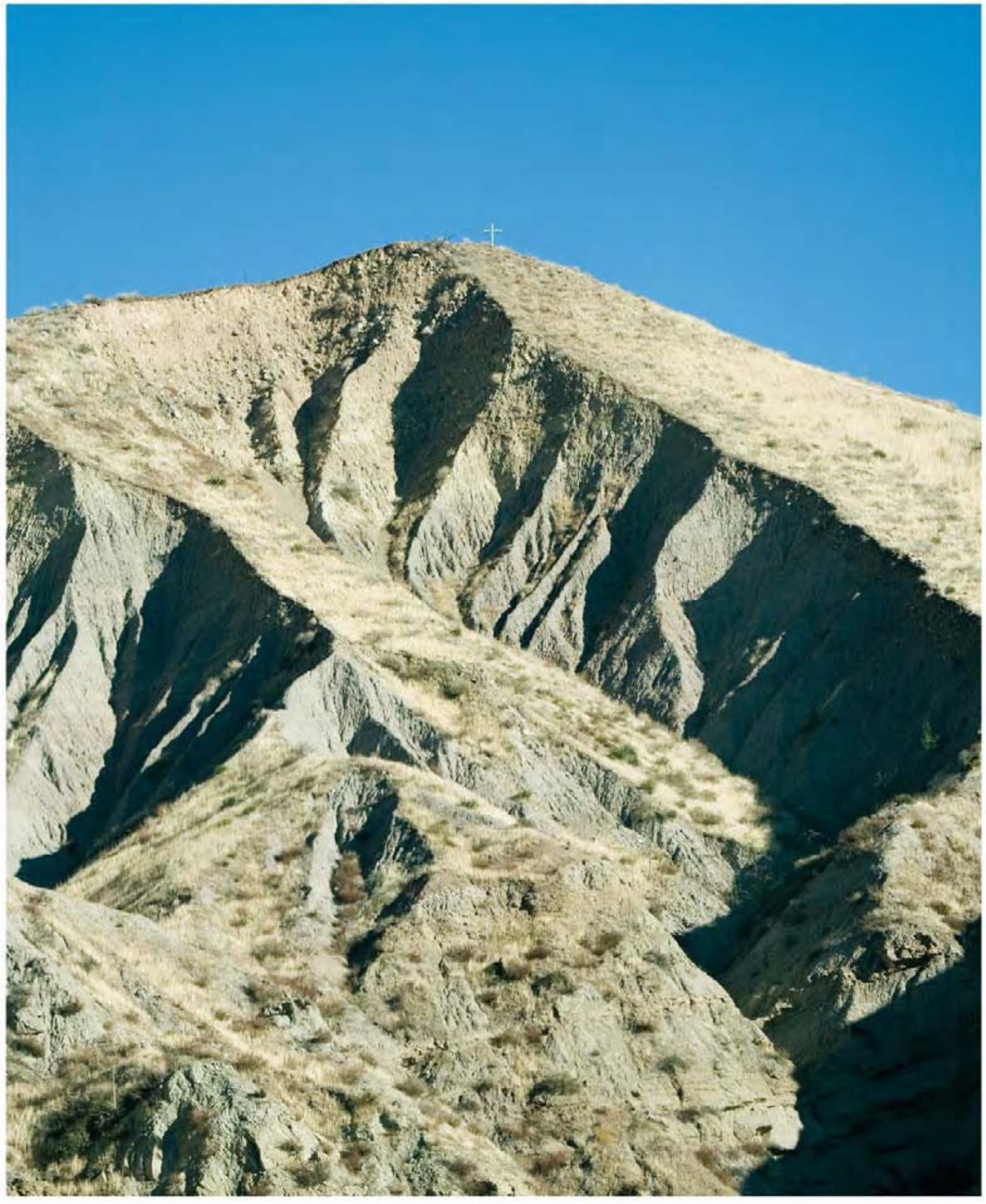

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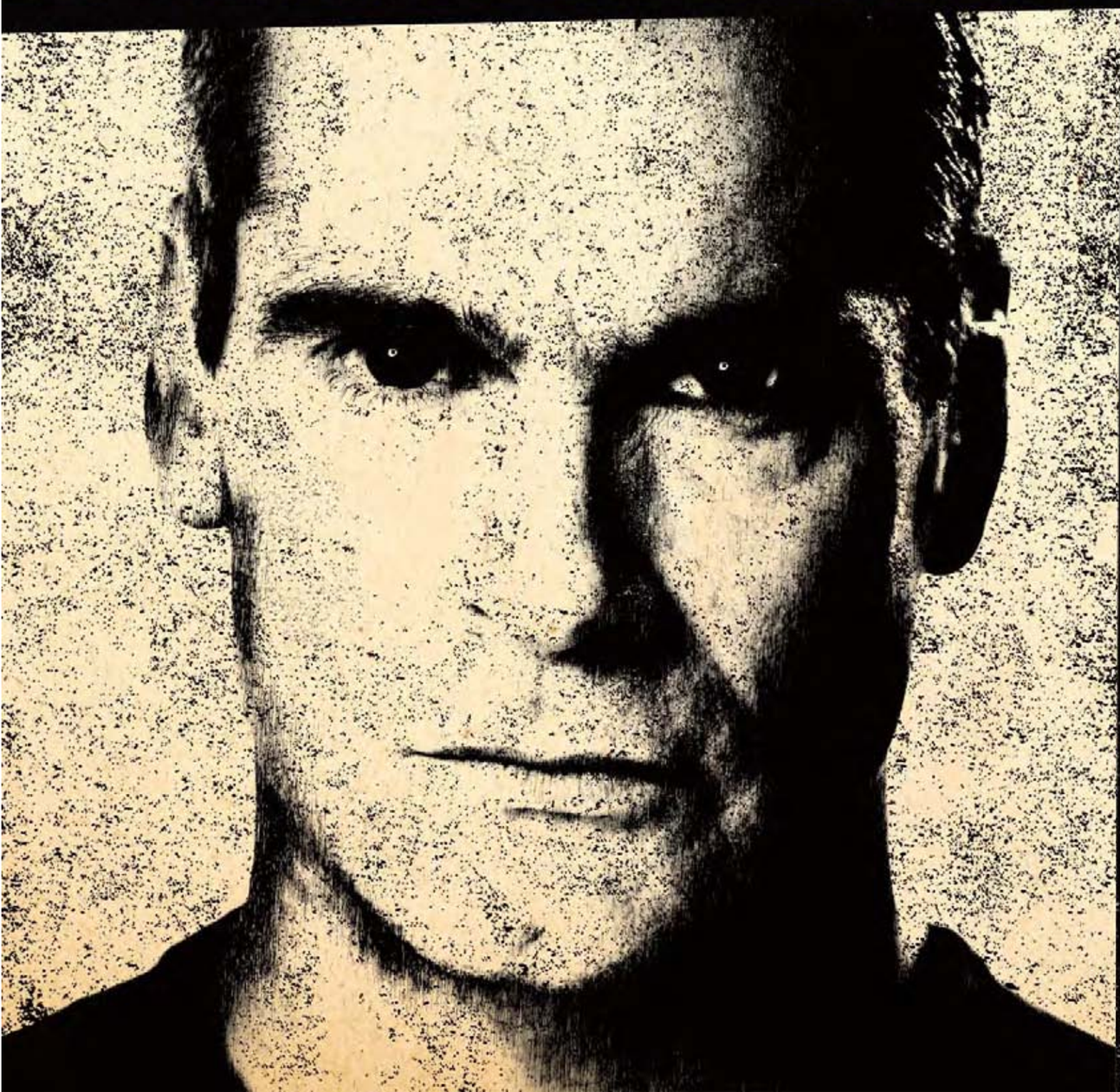

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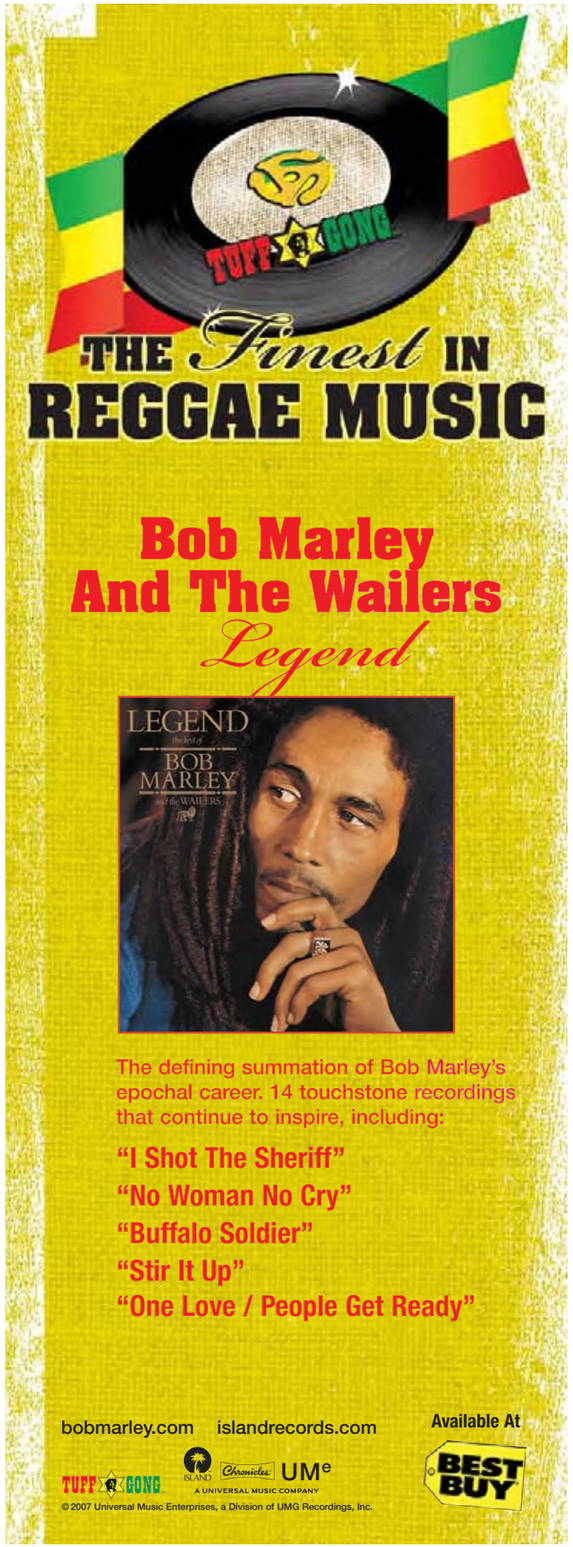

VICE

FOUNDERS Suroosh Alvi, Gavin McInnes, Shane Smith

EDITOR Jesse Pearson (jessep@viceland.com)

PUBLISHER Erik Lavoie (erik@viceland.com)

SENIOR EDITOR Amie Barrodale (amie@viceland.com)

MANAGING EDITOR Amy Kellner (amy@viceland.com)

ASSOCIATE EDITORS Thomas Morton (thomasm@viceland.com)
Santiago Fernandez-Stelley (santiago@vbs.tv)

RAP EDITOR Dave 1 (dave1@viceland.com)

PHOTO EDITOR Patrick O'Dell (patrick@viceland.com)

REVIEWS EDITOR Christopher Roberts (christopher@vice-recordings.com)

FASHION EDITOR Annette Lamothe-Ramos (annette@viceland.com)

BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT Ben Dietz (ben@viceland.com)

MARKETING MANAGER Ryan Archibald (ryan@viceland.com)

DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING John Martin (johnm@viceland.com)

ADVERTISING Ryan Duffy (ryand@viceland.com)
Thobey Campion (thobey@viceland.com)
Shawn Phelan (shawnp@viceland.com)
Nick Chen-Yin (nickc@viceland.com)

PRODUCTION MANAGER Tim McCready (timm@viceland.com)

DISTRIBUTION Lauren Dzura (lauren@viceland.com)

LAYOUT inkubator.ca

WEB DESIGN Solid Sender

DESIGN ASSOCIATE Matt Schoen (matt@viceland.com)

COMPTROLLER Richard Bisson

GENERAL MANAGER Robert Stewart (robert@viceland.com)

OFFICE MANAGER John James (johnjames@viceland.com)

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT Liz Cowie (lizc@viceland.com)

ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE MANAGER Ron Hemphill (ron@viceland.com)

ACCOUNTANTS Richard Ouellette, Bianca Belley

TECHNOLOGY CONSULTANT MacNRG

WORDS
Whoadie Allen, Jon Animal, Lesley Arfin, Seth Bogart, Benjamin Cho, Anthony Croppers, Daniel DeFreitas, John James, Adam Jasper, Kelly Kuvo, Chris Nieratko, Patrick O'Dell, Ben White

PHOTOS
Peter Beste, Richard Kern, Ryan McGinley, Patrick O'Dell, Sam Pears, Schuyler Pisha, Ben Ritter, Jaimie Warren, Antonia Wright, Ed Zipco

ILLUSTRATIONS
Milano Chow, Hope Gangloff, Johnny Ryan

COPY EDITOR Sam Frank

INTERNS
Rocco Castoro, Avner Davis, Kate Folk, Jon Golbe, Sarah Hartzog, Harlan Levine, Anthony Lowe, Kave Ordubadi, Stefani Ricci, Gabi Sifre, Zac Stone, Tara Swenson

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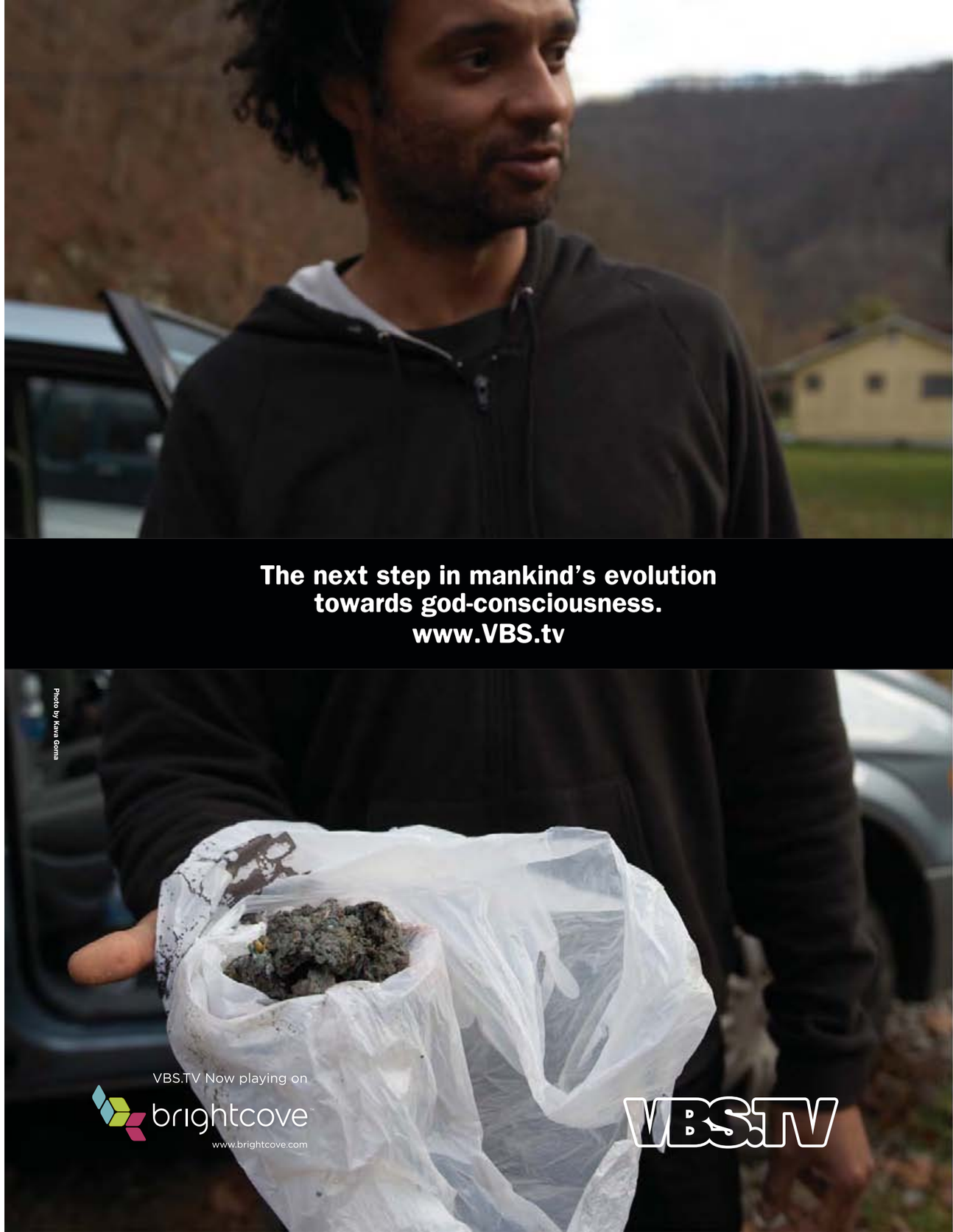

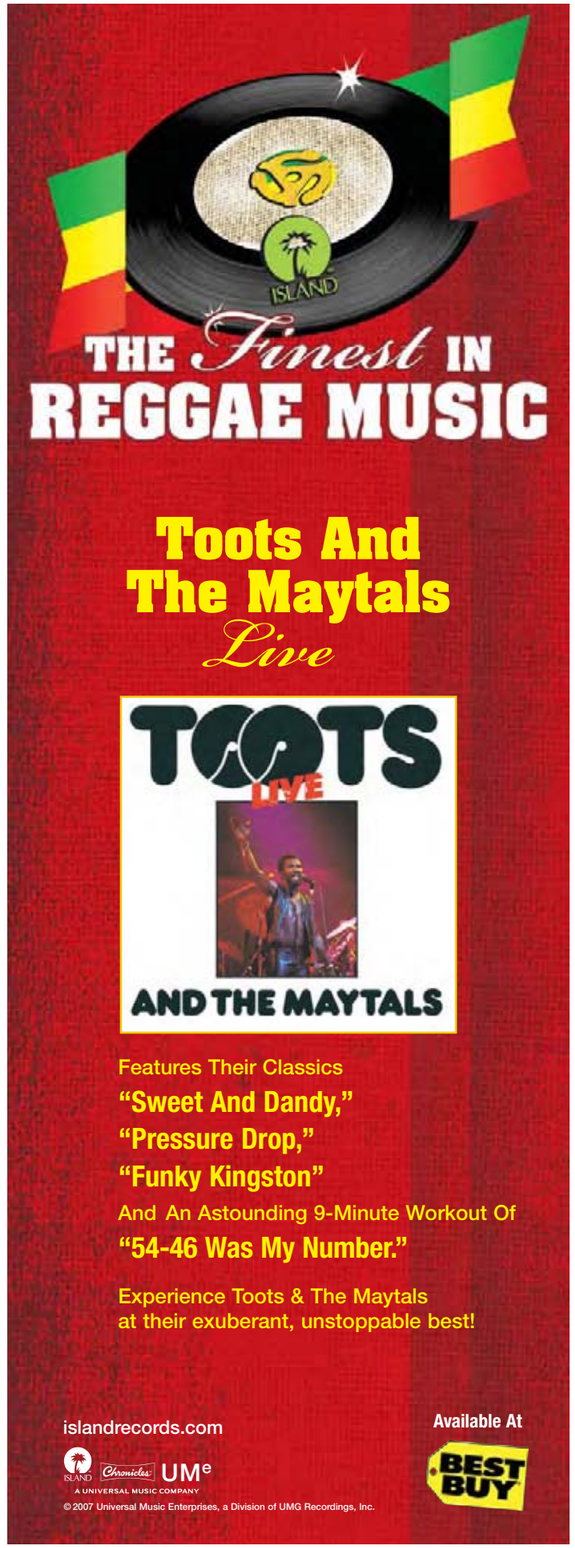

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VICE UK
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VICE ITALY
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Ph: +39 02 45479185
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VICE GERMANY
Gipsstr. 3 RGB, 10119 Berlin, Germany
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VICE JAPAN
150-0002 東京都渋谷区渋谷 1-22-11 Kビル5F
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Fax +81-3-5766-0698

VICE NETHERLANDS
Frans van Mierisstr. 121G, 1071 RR Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Phone +31 (0) 20 6766009
Fax +31 (0) 20 6738751

VICE BELGIUM
St. Jacobsmarkt 75, B-2000 Antwerpen, Belgium
Phone +32 (0) 3 232 18 87
Fax +32 (0) 3 226 20 30

VICE FRANCE
144, rue Rivoli, 75001 Paris, France
Phone +33 (1) 49 27 04 54
Fax +33 (1) 49 27 04 58

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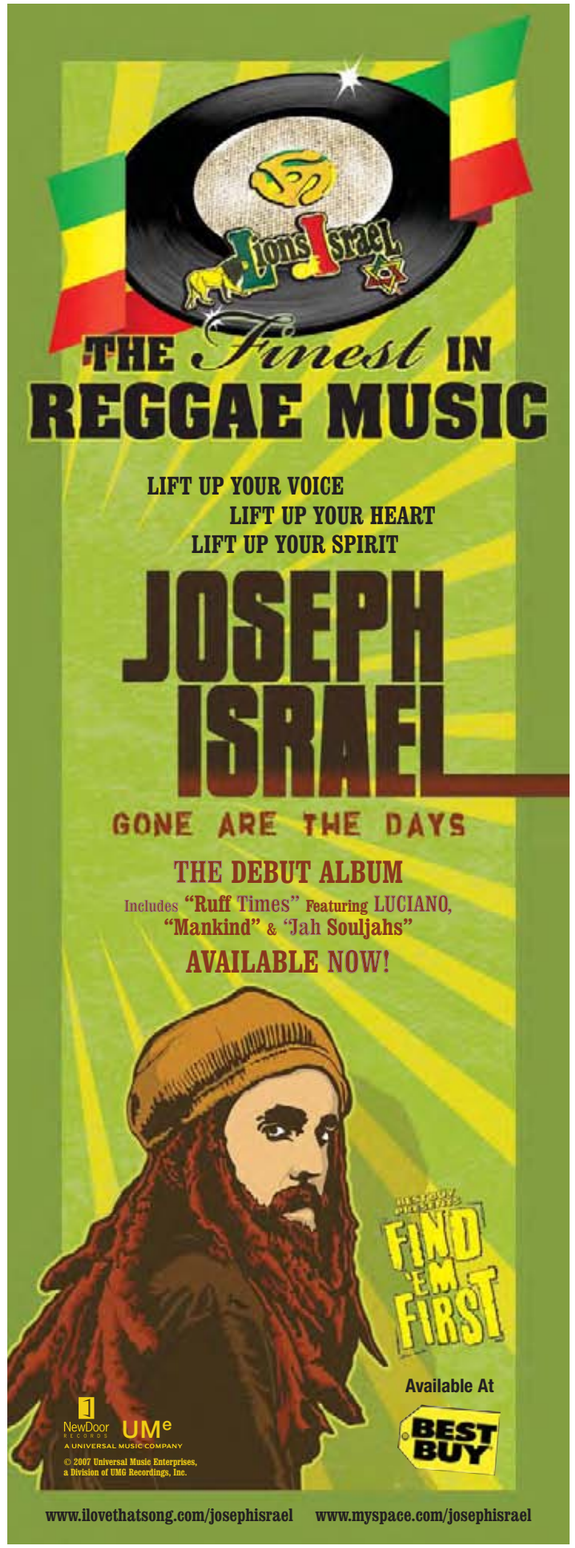

AJ

BR

KK

B

ADAM JASPER Adam is a little bit of an enigma. He was hard-selling us this idea about going to the Philippines to see a jail, and we were like, "Yeah, I don't know, dude." Then when we decided we liked the idea, he started hemming and hawing, asking for money, for assurances, for a camera crew—basically, he began to make the sounds that cowards make. We told him to piss or get off the pot. A couple days passed. We wrote to tell him that we couldn't afford to fly him to the Philippines and he wrote back, "Too late. I'm here." That's when we started to like Adam. When the piece came in, we liked him even more. PS: The rash you see here was caused by the rosary, which Adam bought in the Philippines.

See FLIPPED-OUT PRISON, *page 82*

BEN RITTER Ben photographs big rock stars like Beck (ew) and Fergie (ew!), but we like him anyway, so we asked him to shoot us a lovely portrait of the wacky cast of It Happened. You must believe us when we say we had NO IDEA that Ben is actually friends with our naked, drunken protagonist, Dan. And not only that, but Ben was the guy who had been boozing it up with Dan on the fateful night! "Yeah, when I showed up for the shoot, I lost it," Ben said. "I was like, 'YOU'RE Dan?' He hadn't told me the story because he was so embarrassed about it. I was just so happy because now I can give him shit about this, like, FOREVER."

See IT HAPPENED, *page 60*

KELLY KUVO Kelly is one of our all-time heroes. First she was in this amazing all-girl noise band, the Scissor Girls, in the 90s. Then she put on the Sweet Thunder Variety Show at the Astor Place Starbucks in New York, in which both Fischerspooner AND Andrew WK were discovered. Then there was the "Bubblegum Queen" phase, after which she went back to school for an art-therapy degree, hoping to improve the lives of troubled teens—only to realize it is completely futile. (Sorry, but it is.) Now she hosts esoteric literary tours of downtown LA (1947project.com). She also once cut her hair like a monk, with the bald patch on top and everything. Can you imagine!

See CHOLITO ABC, *page 40*

BUFFINS Buffins was the winner of the "Cat With the Most Appealing Expression" award in 1958. Our painfully cheerful new managing editor pinned a Xeroxed photo of this irresistible little critter above her desk for inspiration, and what do you know, he did indeed inspire an article about the weird shit people tack up on their bulletin boards. Thanks, Buffins!

See PINUPS, *page 44*

FROM US TO YOU

Dear *Vice* readers,

You will notice that this issue is unthemed. After umpteen years of putting out what amounted to a reference book every month, we started to get bored with it. Besides, too many other magazines have ripped it and started doing their own lame take on themes. So we're going to do some issues, starting now, that have whatever we feel like putting in them. The theme of them will basically be "Good Shit." There isn't much you can do about this, but we just figured we'd let you know.

Love,
Vice

ASK SOMEONE WHO CARES DEPT.

Dear *Vice*,

This girl gave me an almost amazing blowjob. She went at it with the kind of gusto I wish all girls would go at it with. The problem was that there was a lot of light teeth scraping, which was terrifying for my penis. We only see each other on weekends so during the week we just talk about hooking up. I told her she gave a great blowjob while all along thinking, "Should I mention the teeth?"

So, when should I mention the teeth? Should I wait until she's giving me another blowjob? Or should I wait until after that blowjob and mention it in the next talking-about-hooking-up phase? How do I say it without being a dick? Am I being a pussy?

MATT SERAFIN
Binghamton, NY

Why did you tell her she gives a great beedge if she had already used teeth… Wait. Who gives a shit? The only way we could possibly care about this would be if she bit the fucking thing off and you sent us photos of it. Take a hike.

GROW UP OR THROW UP

Dear *Vice*,

I've noticed that most of the hate mail your magazine prints seems to involve the critic trying to win some pretentiousness contest of which they feel *Vice* is the king. These critics are most likely just journalism school flunkies who fell victim to your DOs & DON'Ts section. I don't hate your magazine, and I'd be hard-pressed to muster up the level of vaingloriousness necessary for a duel, so I will just come clean: I love your magazine. I started reading it about a year ago when my friend Jamen Lee (he's not black or Asian), a manager at American Apparel, introduced me. I had turned him on to DFA 1979, and he recognized that you folks were the record label. Now, I pester him to bring me the magazine whenever it comes to the store.

Your magazine has done a lot for me. At 26, I am humping the last twilight of my youth. Already, I am feeling overwhelmed when I go to house parties. I have trouble staying up until dawn. And I think being drenched in sweat and liquor after a party is gross. Consequently, I have trouble keeping up with the youthful fashions and cultures now that I'm not submerged in it. Sure, I keep a healthy group of 20-year-old friends (someone has to buy them booze), but they are hesitant to keep me *en vogue*. That's where you guys help. Your DOs & DON'Ts section helps me dress appropriately. You'd better believe I no longer wear my manatee shirts! No more fanny packs for me! Also, your music section tells me of the music that's hot so I can present this image that I'm up with the times. And your July Photo Issue still aids me in masturbation!

I'm sure there are lots of guys like me still trying to keep the vise grips (pun intended) on their youth. I was thinking that perhaps you guys could come out with the Peter Pan Issue, in which you chronicle these hipster-wannabes who obviously should be at home having unfulfilling sex with their fat wives while their

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dull kids ask for help with their multiplication tables. You could even have a special section on those creepy old guys who show up in every band in every college town.

Well, I just wanted to let you folks know how much your magazine means to me. I hope you will seriously consider my ideas. I can help you guys out if you want. I am always coming up with great ideas. Like, why not make *Vice* a weekly magazine? Usually a couple of weeks after your magazine comes out, I get very anxious for the next one. Let me know what you think of my ideas.

Until then, I remain outmodedly yours,
JAMES WARMELS
Eugene, OR

Everyone has ideas. Ideas are like assholes: They reek of shit.

DUBIOUS CLAIMS

Dear *Vice*,

In the past few years I have noticed many white suburban girls converting to being Muslim. Is this a trend you are noticing, or am I just crazy? *Vice* should investigate this phenomenon, because if anyone is good at finding out about new trends, it's *Vice*.
BRENDAN SAUNDERS
Chicago, IL

First we've heard about it. Maybe you scooped us. White suburban girls going to Allah? Prove it.

EXHIBIT A

Vice,

I really appreciate the depth and variety of perspectives you presented with the Iraq Issue, but why did you feel it necessary to spoil such an amazing issue with that page full of corpse-porn toward the end? Could you not have done the drooling, mongoloid contingent of your readership one better and not morally scrape the bottom of the barrel? Even those Iraqis are someone's sons, don'tcha know.
SAMANTHA HARRIS
Milwaukee, WI

Did you read the article? We needed to show the bodies and the condition that they were in to support the claim that they were killed by a bomb of mysterious origin. Sorry if it upset your wittle tummy, but it's news.

IRAQ SPEAKS

Dear *Vice*,

It never ceases to amaze me that even the dreadliest dyed-in-the-wool liberals I know—kids who still forswear "black" for "African-American" or "urban"—have no qualms discussing Iraqi "traits" and how they make them "resistant" to democracy and how we should have "seen this coming with these people." It's like nobody seems to remember that up until Saddam, Iraq was one of the most culturally advanced countries in the Arab world. Thanks for having the balls to turn the mic over to the actual in-Iraq Iraqis unlike the rest of the media, who are content to have some fourth-generation Iraqi-American write a column about the hijab.
G. NELSON
Chapel Hill, NC

THE REST OF THE WORLD

Dear *Vice*,

Thanks for the Iraq Issue—it is very impressive—you should be happy with it. The pictures and layout are fantastic, even as the articles are troubling. I guess what comes through most, other than the grit of everyday Iraqi life, is that there are no clear answers to anything over there. I was in Iraq years ago (I'm a Desert Shield/Storm vet), but I've never had the opportunity to get a sense for Iraqis as people. It is good to hear them in their own words, and to hear their perspectives (even if one disagrees with their conclusions).

I am also enjoying the Darfur series on VBS.tv. It is amazing how the documentary has morphed over the five installments—the picture painted in number five is much more complex than that in the initial one. I also look forward to this alternative perspective on other important issues. Politics aside, you are a breath of fresh air in a world of 24-7 Anna Nicole Smith!

Don't take this wrong, but I do wish some of the writers would tone down the profanity and random grossness. It is one thing if it is part of the story, but when it is done just for shock effect it detracts from the credibility of the piece. I'm not a writer or editor, so I leave you to your judgment, however I do know the kind of negative reaction that use of shock causes in me.

Anyway, sorry for the long note. You caught me in a chatty mood. I wish you all the best success with your enterprise. I predict that some day we will all be watching our TV over the internet, free from the networks and the cable provider, free to seek millions of alternative perspectives and find the truth for ourselves. I think you are making a difference.
JAY MCCONVILLE
Washington, DC

THANK GOD I'M A ETC. ETC.

Dear *Vice*,

I was disappointed the other day to read of the coked-out karaoke singer singing "Don't Even Know My Name" by David Allan Coe, and no one in the New York bar knowing what the fuck the guy was singing. How could people not know how great that song is? Sure it may not be "indie folk with a hint of Paul Simon," but that doesn't mean that the song isn't great, and secondly, why the hell haven't people heard it before? Then it got me thinking that a lot of city people have not been able to experience the great nuances of country life. Growing up as a farm kid in the prairies of Alberta, I may not have been able to experience the great things that many kids in a big, cultural city like New York have, but man, my life is definitely not lacking for it. How many kids can say they were driving a truck at the age of 11, running a tractor at 14, and drinking beer/chewing tobacco at 17? How many have spent the morning hungover with their friends, cooking side pork on a fire while drinking moonshine out of a mason jar and saying some absolutely burnt shit for laughs? How many city kids have faced off with a crazy cow in a pen with nothing but a pitchfork to fight it off, while their dad is trying to revive a calf? And before all you PETA people get in a nut because I was defending myself with a pitchfork against a cow, I suggest you come visit me on our family farm to really experience how farmer-animal interactions are. All you folks say you represent the love of animals, but how many of you have carried a calf half a mile in -30° Celsius weather so she won't freeze to death? You say you know how the animal feels, but how many of you have actually spent time with a creature other then your dog? I guess I just get upset when people say shit like "Oh, that must have sucked" when I tell them I grew up on a farm. No it didn't suck, it made me who I am today and I do not regret a single minute of it at all. I don't feel sorry for someone growing up in Vancouver, so why should you feel sorry for me growing up in the country, and why would my youth suck because of it? That is all I have to say, so keep up the good work *Vice*, your magazine has kept me laughing and thinking since high school.
MATTHEW WATT
Vancouver, BC

On the stockists page in the Clothes Issue we mistakenly listed the address for Cockpit's website as www.cockpit.com. The actual address is www.cockpitusa.com. We regret the error.

Send correspondence to vice@viceland.com
(include city and state/province) or to Vice Magazine,
97 North 10th Street, Suite 204, Brooklyn, NY 11211.
Letters are edited for length.

MAFIA-FREE PASTA
This is one of the few Tidbits where a thing actually is its stupid name. While we're sitting on this side of the Atlantic worrying if food has MSG or too many trans fats, Italians are so sick of getting murdered they are buying food based on whether or not any of the money goes to the Mob. Seriously.

JIHAD TRANSFORMERS
These robots are fucking dangerous to play with because sometimes they blow up in your hand.

DEEPPRESSO COFFEE
Old people get tired real easy, so if you're going to visit a dying relative at an old folks' home and watch brain-dead geriatrics stare at the ceiling with drool pouring down their cheeks, you guys best break out a few cups of this.

CHINESE COLONEL SANDERS
We like the Chinese version of Colonel Sanders because he doesn't come across as a kind of racist version of Orville Redenbacher. Not that old Chinese guys can't be racist. They're just way cuter about it.

ARAB LAUNDRY DETERGENT
Only in a culture that is so far behind us they abolished slavery in 1962 can you get away with calling something that cleans your skid marks "Ideal Wife."

PUSSY TRICK MENU
This thing is real depressing to have in your hands in a shitty Bangkok bar that smells like loneliness and has nude, hungry women lying around doing tricks with their genitalia, but when you're back home and it's framed on your wall it becomes a conversation piece that rivals tumors.

DISGUSTING KID WIND-UP TOY
Why do Japanese kids get the best toys? What part of our culture prevents us from having a wind-up retard that comes buzzing toward you with snot all over his face and a big piece of shit in his hand? Is it Christianity? Well then fuck you, Jesus.

ISRAELI MESSIAH CARDS

Believe it or not, in Tel Aviv it's perfectly normal to be walking down the street and have a vanful of very stoned Jews jump out with hash smoke everywhere and trance music blaring and hand you this. Apparently he's the Messiah now and the best way to show your love is to get really high, hand out his baseball card, and dance around like a fucking idiot.

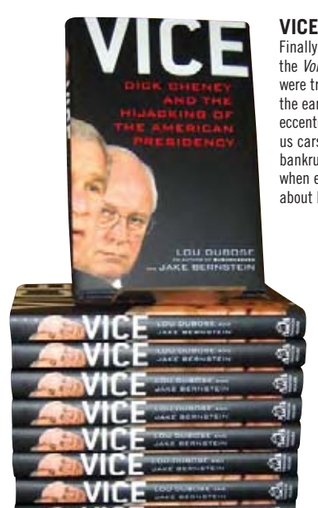
SPANISH FAGGOT CAKES

Gays eat differently than us (ever go to a restaurant in New York's West Village that didn't have Cobb salad?). Now, you can pretend that's not true or you can do what they do in Spain and clearly mark homo-friendly food with the word *puto* meaning "faggot."

CRACK-VIAL BANDANA

Crackheads should be forced to wear patterns made up of used crack vials so that when they come up to us saying they need help because "some hairy motherfucker got in my head and he's taking all my memories to Germany," we'll know he's full of shit.

Available from anewyorkthing.com



VICE BOOK

Finally a book that follows us from the *Voice of Montreal* days when we were trying to get off heroin, through the early New York days when eccentric internet billionaires bought us cars, to some pretty awful years of bankruptcy, and finally here, today, when even the president is worried about becoming a DON'T.

WINNER:
ARAB LAUNDRY DETERGENT

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THIS PAGE:
- HORRORCRAFTS
- LAZERJETS
- SANDWICH POLITICS

Turn a straight guy gay for a sec on page 63.

Overdose at the movies on page 52.

Survive the nuclear apocalypse on page 88.

UH…SO…WHAT DO YOU THINK?

"We are taking a major step toward giving the American people their first light saber."

Cabin-Fever Ceramics

Our friend the artist Jim Krewson recently sent us some photos of his latest (terrifying) work. Look at that fucking thing. It's amazing, true, but we're also seriously a little concerned about what state Jim's brain is in to have made it. So we asked him.

Vice: Um, Jim? Are you OK?
Jim Krewson: I'm awesome!

Then why are you crafting demons?
I think it's just winter in upstate NY and watching too many horror movies. There's a big John Carpenter/Tom Savini influence. I wanted to make something (as usual) that I'd like to see if I walked into a gallery. It's generally the LAST thing somebody else would want to see.

We love it. Seriously. It's just… Dude.
I don't know what to tell you. Basically I just got a bunch of clay and this is what happened. I started makin' fantasy creatures. Then I'd call my boyfriend into my studio and go, "Look at this gnome—something's not right here. I think we're

going to have to open up his head and do an autopsy!" I like to fantasize about it sitting on some rich person's coffee table and them calling it art.

Sculpting is a new thing for you too. You used to just do paintings and drawings.
Yep. I realized I can sculpt, so now anything I can think of can exist!

Jesus. So can we buy it?
Sure!

VICE STAFF

Set Phasers to "Dumb"

In a hangar somewhere in Wichita, Kansas, there is a 747 jet with a six-ton turret grafted onto its nose. The plane has been modified to carry an enormous laser that—in theory—will shoot missiles out of the sky shortly after they're launched. Powered by the same chemicals as in hair bleach and drain cleaner, the laser is supposed to destroy a missile with a three- to five-second burst. That is correct. A laser that shoots missiles out of the sky. A laser. Missiles. The sky.

Late last year, Lt. Gen. Henry "Trey" Obering III, head of the US Missile Defense Agency, visited Kansas with a pep talk for those working on the multibillion-dollar project. I was there as a member of the press.

"I believe we are building the forces of good to beat the forces of evil," Obering said. "We are taking a major step toward giving the American people their first light saber." He really said that.

America's light saber isn't operational yet, but military contractors are testing the tracking and aiming systems on the plane and, sometime in 2009, they're supposed to launch a real missile and then shoot it out of the sky.

There are, however, a couple of problems with this whole laser concept.

In a space fight, lasers would be the weapon of choice, but on earth we have a thing called "the atmosphere." Dips and peaks in temperature would inevitably distort and diffuse the laser. To that the laser-makers say, "Bullshit." A flexible mirror attached to hundreds of small motors in the 747 will correct any distortion.

OK, but missiles also spin as they ascend, and the laser may not be able to heat one spot up enough to explode the missile. Also, a laser might just bounce off the shiny missile body. To that, the laser-makers say, "We'll get back to you."

Once all this has been hashed out and the laser is operational, Obering says, teams of 747s will fly in circles 40,000 feet above enemy launch sites, looking for exhaust plumes from missiles.

I had just one question: Whose missiles are we going to fire our light saber at?

"The news from North Korea and Iran has been consistently bleak," Obering said.

Despite the fact that it crashed into the sea seconds after its last test launch in July, US intelligence officials think North Korea has the capability to hit California with its Taepodong II missile. Iran, officials say, won't be able to field an intercontinental ballistic missile until 2015.

Oh, and why does our light saber look like a clunky relic of the cold-war era? Can't it have some racing stripes or flames or something?

Obering: "It's not supposed to be pretty. It's supposed to be mean."

JON ANIMAL

FOREIGN POLICY AND LUNCH: A *VICE* STREET POLL

INTERVIEWS BY JOHN JAMES
PHOTOS BY ANTONIA WRIGHT

Maggie Wertz

Vice: Do you know the difference between a Sunni and a Shia Muslim?
Maggie: I studied that but I don't remember.

What is the worst aspect of US foreign policy?
I guess it's the way the rest of the world sees us, especially recently, as just an arrogant power that thinks we can dominate everything.

Do you think that the US would ever preemptively strike Iran?
Yes, definitely. Again, not considering the rest of the world.

What is your favorite kind of sandwich?
Turkey with avocado because it's yummy.

Geo Rodriguez

Vice: Do you know the difference between a Sunni and a Shia Muslim?
Geo: I'm not entirely sure.

What is the worst aspect of US foreign policy?
The fact that we claim that everything is in the name of democracy—it kind of puts a shield around half the things that we do. It is a façade for whatever else is behind it. It has been used as a veil since socialism to put down rivals. We are using it in North Korea, in Cuba, in the Middle East… I mean, we've gone in and disrupted whole regions of the world in the name of democracy and continue to do so. We use it to start wars.

Do you think that the US would ever preemptively strike Iran?
No, I think that it will be something that presidents in the future will try to avoid and that our current president will be out of office before he has a chance to do.

What is your favorite kind of sandwich?
Maple turkey and swiss cheese on a baguette with mayo, lettuce, and tomato.

Featured Product: The JA208 Shoe in Brown/White/S&D, Allie Skate & Destroy Denim, and Terror Fleece.

ALLIE

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THIS PAGE:
- A PERV
- ANOTHER PERV

"I keep unwittingly touching my dick from outside my jeans in public and I'm jerking off five times a day."

Boner Berries

There's been a big stink lately about the European Union banning the sale of these tiny red things called *goji* berries. The manufacturers claim they're like the fruit version of Viagra.

In London, you could only buy them in weird Oriental health stores until about a month ago, when Tesco started selling them after Kate Moss called the berries a "miracle food." Now the Food Standards Agency says that unless the berries are shown to "have been commonly eaten in the EU for more than ten years," it will become illegal to sell them. This seemed a little severe, so I tossed back a 250-gram bag of the berries to find out what the big deal was.

They cost £9 and taste like craisins. At first they put me in a really good mood. An hour later, my stomach felt weird and my head was aching, but I'd become insanely horny. I am not lying. When I got home I jerked off FOUR times in four hours.

I have kind of an addictive personality so I've been eating a couple of packs every three or four days. I keep unwittingly touching my dick from outside my jeans in public and I'm jerking off five times a day. Thanks nature!

ANTONY CROPPERS

Fuck the World!

People think the United Nations is made up of saintly guys who are trying to stop genocide. But in my experience, there are a lot of UN personnel who are sociopath sex maniacs that signed up to fuck desperate asylum seekers and victims of human trafficking around the world.

Sex crimes involving UN staff are rarely reported and almost never prosecuted properly, but the explosion in UN sex crimes has become a huge embarrassment for the international organization and members of the UN are eager to endorse an "anti-prostitution campaign" for 2007.

With this in mind, I rang up one of my old friends who works for the UN in Kosovo and asked him to divulge what he's been up to. Be warned, this guy is gross.

Vice: So, let's reminisce.
Gross UN Guy: Back in 2000, Kosovo was paradise if you wanted cheap sex. It was about $30 for an hour. The places were quite sordid, filled with UN soldiers and UN staff, but the chicks were always beautiful.

What are Balkan brothels like?
They tend to be rather small and smoky with about ten tables and three or four rooms.

Photo by Sam Pears

What did the girls look like?
Mainly Moldovan, Romanian, Ukrainian, and Belarusian. The best part was that they were "fresh material." They were all blond with blue eyes, tall, skinny, and long-legged. They were all perfectly shaved everywhere and smelled quite clean.

That's… Nice.
Out of the dozens of girls I fucked, there was one I particularly liked. She said she was 20 (but she was probably younger) and she was gorgeous! She was Belarusian and could not speak any English, Spanish, or Italian. She was petite, brunette, and had long hair, a beautiful figure, firm buttocks, stunning breasts, hazelnut almond-shaped eyes, and sweet genitalia.

Oh God, I feel ill.
I was lucky enough to catch her the day she arrived in Kosovo and I was her first client. She was obviously new to the business. She used to do with me all those things that prostitutes never do with clients.

OK, enough. So what are you working on today?
I have to write a report on the trafficking of women.

DANIEL DEFREITAS

FOREIGN POLICY AND LUNCH: A *VICE* STREET POLL

Cecilia Culverhouse

Vice: Do you know the difference between a Sunni and a Shia Muslim?
Cecilia: The Shiites were the oppressed majority population until the invasion of Iraq. Hussein was a Sunni, and now that the Sunnis are no longer in power, Shiite militias have taken over, particularly in Baghdad.

What is the worst aspect of US foreign policy?
The bullheaded implementation of neoliberal policies all over the world regardless of the cost of human lives or the environment.

Do you think that the US would ever preemptively strike Iran?
Definitely. It is a scary reality. The US already has operatives in Tehran and all over the region agitating Iranian revolution. Cheney sees Iran and its current government as a major threat to the United States and wants to neutralize it.

What is your favorite kind of sandwich?
Grilled cheese with a slice of tomato. I like the salty and the tang.

Danielle BenVeniste

Vice: Do you know the difference between a Sunni and a Shia Muslim?
Danielle: It's the difference between who they think the descendents of Mohammed are.

What is the worst aspect of US foreign policy?
The fact that we are a nation at war and it is something that nobody else in the world really agrees with.

Do you think that the US would ever preemptively strike Iran?
Yes. I think that there is as much reason to go to war with Iran as there was to go to war with Iraq.

What is your favorite kind of sandwich?
I eat a really boring sandwich. Lettuce, tomato, cucumbers, and mustard on whole-wheat bread. I'm a vegetarian.

THIS PAGE:
- DELINQUENT LOVE NOTES

"So are you ready to see my you-know-what? Just tell me when."

CHOLITO ABC: Juvies Practice Their Penmanship

There's only one way to describe the experience of working for 18 months as a youth counselor at a boarding school/group home in Los Angeles for former juvies and other kids on court-ordered probation: It was a fucking nightmare.

One of my tasks was to confiscate personal items that didn't adhere to rules on "appropriate behavior," which led to the job's only perk—I got to seize and read their love letters! Some of the kids even let me keep my favorites rather than give them up to their parents or the shredder.

The arts of penmanship, calligraphy, and letter writing are being kept alive and kicking in this digital age by a bunch of 12- to 17-year-olds in LA (mainly because they are forbidden access to a computer without adult supervision). Some are only allowed to keep a pencil in their rooms overnight, but of course that only makes them get more creative…

KELLY KUVO

House stationery templates from Los Padrinos Juvenile Hall, hand-drawn by former inmates.

Love letter from a dorm boy (higher security risk) to a group-home girl.

Love letter from "Strawberry," a group-home girl, to "Pooder," a group-home boy, confiscated during an after-school pocket search.

Apology letter from a girl who called me a "Nazie" because she didn't do her chores and a "weirdo" for not being married or having kids. And actually, she taught me a valuable lesson: Never, ever have kids.

One of the 12-year-old girls requested this from one of the 17-year-olds so she could practice her gang-calligraphy ABCs. Adorable!

FOREIGN POLICY AND LUNCH: A *VICE* STREET POLL

Mariel Reed

Vice: Do you know the difference between a Sunni and a Shia Muslim?
Mariel: I did at one point. I couldn't tell you now.

What is the worst aspect of US foreign policy?
Everything we do.

Do you think that the US would ever preemptively strike Iran?
Absolutely.

What is your favorite kind of sandwich?
Anything with Italian meats and fresh mozzarella.

Mark Jordan

Vice: Do you know the difference between a Sunni and a Shia Muslim?
Mark: No. I know there certainly are differences, but I don't know specifically what they are.

What is the worst aspect of US foreign policy?
Arrogance. The specific agenda that we feel that we can impose our will on the world. At least that's the case in the last eight years with this administration. I mean, why did we invade Iraq and not North Korea? Why are we invading Iraq and not Iran? There does seem to be something else at work other than just the reasons stated for going into Iraq. We are simply not consistent with the things that we say.

Do you think that the US would ever preemptively strike Iran?
Yes, I certainly think it's a possibility. They are a destabilizing threat to what we are ostensibly trying to accomplish in the Middle East. There is a man at the helm there who admittedly wants to destroy the state of Israel, not that I necessarily support Israeli policies. But when someone who is so egregious in the things that he says and so aggressive in the things that he wants to do… I think that could potentially be a reason why we would go in there and try to stop him.

What is your favorite kind of sandwich?
I frequently order a grilled chicken sandwich with bacon, lettuce, tomato, and Russian dressing.

i ♥ rare birds.
lifetime collective
photo by collective member stephen wilde
lifetimecollective.com

WHO'S THAT ASS?

Please Meet Our Lovely Cover Girls

Lily and Rebecca were shot by Ryan McGinley on one of the cross-country, all-nude photo-making trips he goes on every summer. Now you've seen their asses adorned with foxtails, but what's inside their brains? Let's find out! We know you care.

PHOTOS BY RYAN MCGINLEY

ON THE LEFT: LILY WHEELRIGHT

Vice: What was going on in that picture?
Lily Wheelright: We took a day trip into Jackson Hill, Wyoming, which is a touristy Western town where they have stagecoaches and fake showdowns. Me and Rebecca bought the foxtails, clipped them to our pants, and walked around town with them. Ryan would shoot us every day and we had to be nude, so when we got back to the ranch, we tied our tails back on and wiggled our asses around. It totally awoke the inner bestiality in the guys we were with. They were all, "Whoa, naked girls with foxtails? That's so sexy."

Whatcha been up to these days?
I'm living in Barcelona now. I came for a one-week vacation last summer and ended up just staying!

Tell me a funny story about your co-cover girl Rebecca.
Rebecca and I met when we were about 14. The artist Justine Kurland used to photograph us when we were in high school. Rebecca had a doll from her childhood that she lived in fear of. She wouldn't throw it out because she said that the doll would come back to haunt her. She finally decided that the only solution was to donate the doll to charity so that it wouldn't be mad at her.

This is your second time being on the cover of *Vice*. Are you jazzed or what?
Yeah! Boys here come up to me and they're like, "Holy shit, you're that girl from *Vice* who's got the 70s tits! Me and all my friends have your picture on our walls!"

ON THE RIGHT: REBECCA SCHIFFMAN

Vice: Do you remember Ryan taking that picture?
Rebecca Schiffman: Vaguely. We were just having fun being foxes. Ryan had us do so much crazy stuff, so it's all a blur. There was a lot of jumping off cliffs into water and stuff. I especially remember having to walk through bushes naked. That was particularly alien to me, being from the city… All these prickly leaves itching you.

Tell us a bit about yourself.
I'm a musician and a painter. My dad's a Reconstructionist rabbi. I do a zine about the Upper East Side called the *UES Journal*. I'm from there, and after going to college at Cooper Union I got so sick of downtown that I moved back uptown and now I love it there. I feel like I discovered it anew.

Lily told me about how you were terrorized by a doll.
Oh god, yeah, it was an American Girl doll. The "Samantha." It was a terrifying presence in my house my whole childhood. I would have to run past it. Finally I put an ad on Craigslist offering it up for free. I didn't want any blood money for it.

Now you tell me a funny story about Lily.
On the road trip we were playing this dumb game called "How Hard Can You Hit Yourself?" It was just all of us going around in a circle, taking turns punching and slapping ourselves. I remember Lily was the most fearless, even more so than the boys. Even after everyone else stopped she just kept going, punching herself in the face really hard. We were all cracking up. The next day she had a black eye and I think that's the black eye she has in the picture that was on the cover of the *Vice* Photo Issue last year.

SUPRA
Chad Muska's Skytop
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PINUPS

Fuck Eyes—Bulletin Boards Are Windows to the Soul

What's better than going over to someone's house and looking at their stuff? Nothing. People's stuff rules. And stuff that people put up on their bulletin boards, or "inspiration areas" if you will, super-extra-rules. We picked four of our favorite artist types and stared at their bulletin boards going, "What's that? What's that? What's that?" until they got totally annoyed.

MARK GONZALES

"The Gonz" invented a little thing called "the skateboard." He is also "quite a character."

1 Prince is one of my favorite musicians. His full name is Prince Rogers Nelson. I also got ODB on here and Morrissey.

2 This is from somebody who lives and works for Adidas. It's quite cool. It's like a jackal. It's an embryo of a jackal.

3 Ryan McGinley gave me a series of signed postcards and I mailed them out to family members. This is just the box cover it came in. It was Olympic swimmers that he took photographs of and, you know, me being an athlete… Street fighting is not considered athleticism, is it? I'm a street fighter. That's my sport. I like fighting and the best way to train for physical combat is in the water. Swimming. That's why I really love the muscle structure of a swimmer. If you ask me which type of person I would like to fight, I'm always gonna say a swimmer. Of course I would lose, because their muscles are perfect.

4 This isn't a bulletin board. A bulletin board is what police officers use. They have a crime blotter of who they're looking for. You know Michael Jackson? He had a video called "Bad" and Martin Scorsese is the director of the video. Now, in the video there's a picture of Scorsese posted on the wall and he's wanted by the police department. It says, "For police circulation only." So that would mean that the underground is a police headquarters. And it's pinned up on the walls of the subway so that the subway walls are, in fact, a bulletin board. And so graffiti is a bulletin board for the streets.

LEGENDARY
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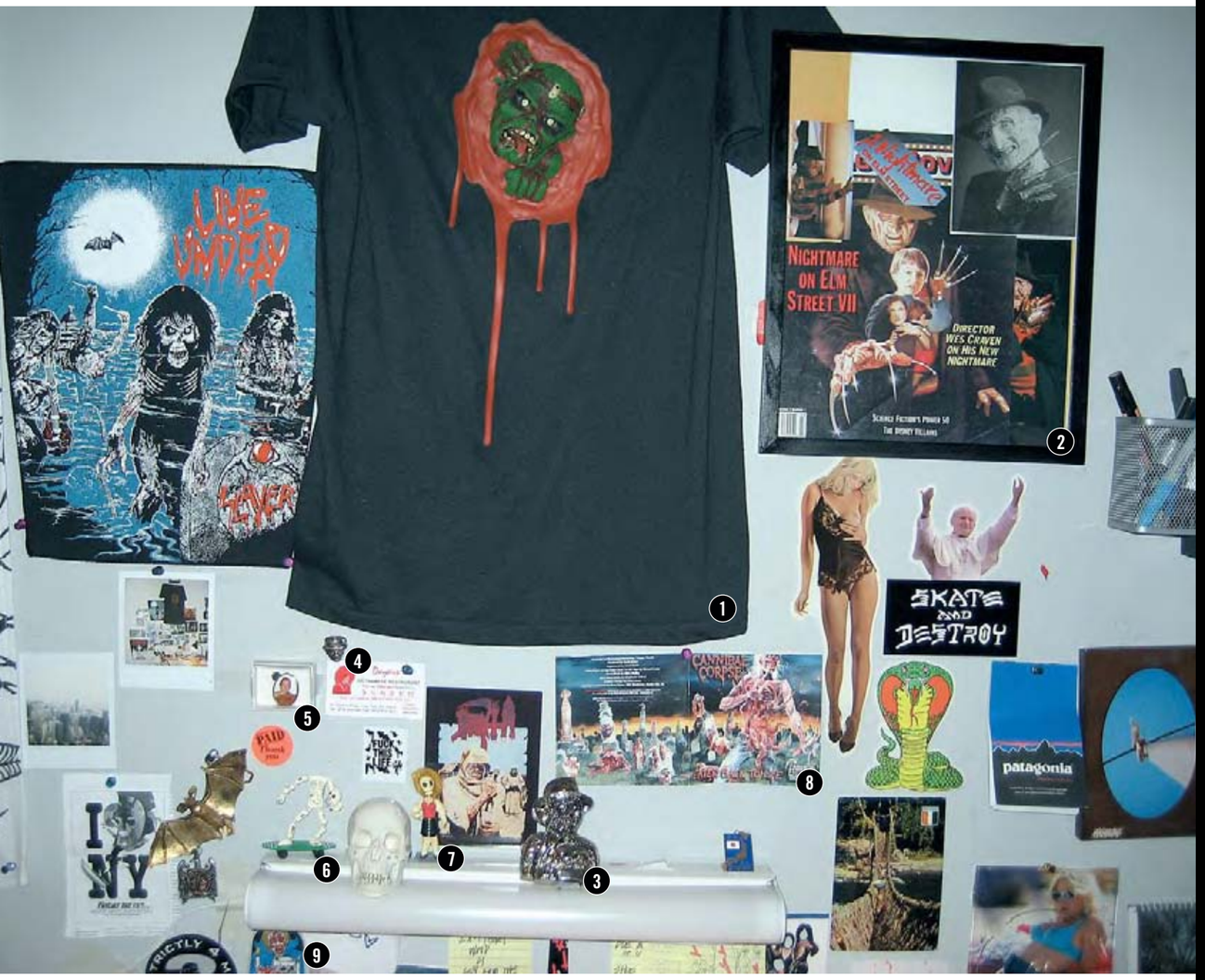


NECKFACE

Probably the most famous graffiti artist going these days. He's Mexican and draws awesome ghouls. People rip his style off like crazy.

1. The shirt is from Japan. It has the Eddie character from Iron Maiden coming out of the shirt, like a plastic doll.

2. The *Nightmare on Elm Street* collage is just my obsession with Freddy Krueger and his view on life and death. I had this frame and all these magazine clippings so I just put a collage together real quick.

3. I'm gonna get this Freddy belt buckle cast in gold and made into a medallion.

4. This is a little Freddy ring I got in Italy. I stole the skull below it from a gas station in Italy too.

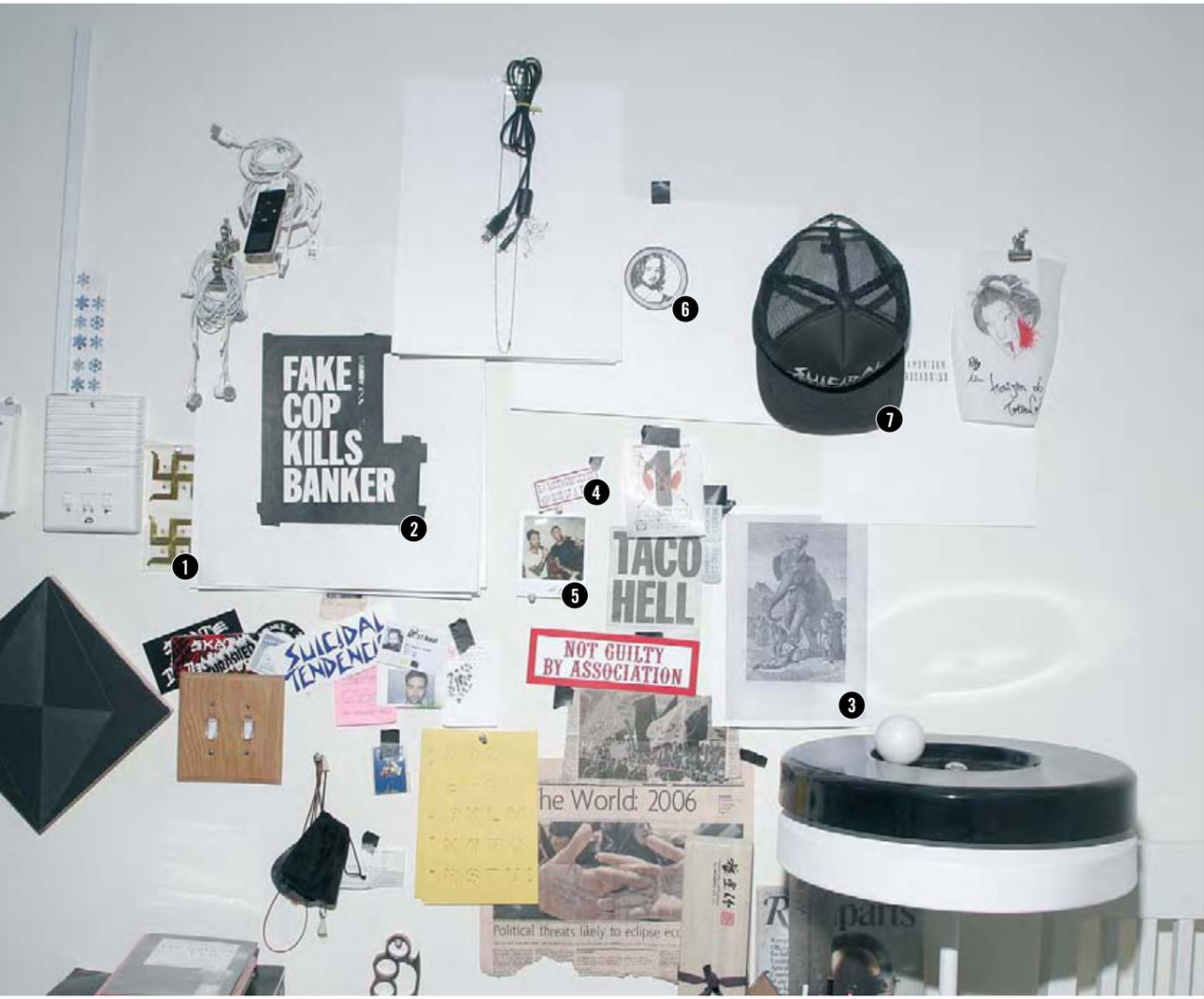
5. For my birthday, my girl put a bunch of random shit from her room into a bag and gave it to me. This dude was in there. I don't know who it is but it might be the Dalai Lama.

6. She also got me this skeleton dude skateboarding. I mushed him up in my pocket and his head fell off, so I glued it to his hand so he's skateboarding and holding his own head in his hand. It's way better now.

7. The skeleton with the blond hair is supposed to be my girl. She had an umbrella and my girl hates umbrellas so she made me cut the umbrella off it. I swear to God.

8. Cannibal Corpse. I just love that image. I've been trying to re-create that style but it's so hard.

9. My older brother got this King Diamond patch at a flea market and I think it's kind of bootleg because King Diamond doesn't have blond hair.



GARDAR EINARSSON

Gardar is from Norway so it makes sense that his art is the visual equivalent of a satanic metalhead burning down a church. He's really nice though.

1 These are not Nazi swastikas. They're from a Kali temple in Singapore. You know Kali the destroyer goddess? She wears chains with severed heads on them, spit-roasts little babies, things like that. It's pretty cool.

2 "Fake Cop Kills Banker": This is a silkscreen I made a while ago. It's a headline from the *New York Post*. This guy dressed up as a cop and would pull people over on the highway and kill them.

3 I found an old book about prisons in India and this is an execution where they use an elephant to stomp someone's head off. It was a real form of execution!

4 I use a lot of found images in my art. These bumper stickers and news clippings are the sorts of things I like. The one that says "51% Motherfucker, 49% Son of a Bitch" is a Hell's Angels sticker.

5 This Polaroid was taken by the Japanese photographer Nobuyoshi Araki. It was at the karaoke bar he owns in Tokyo. Me and Banks Violette, a friend of mine who is also an artist, went there to do karaoke and he took photographs of us and gave them to us. The picture makes me really happy.

6 This is a drawing of a Russian prison tattoo of Charles Manson as Jesus.

7 The Suicidal Tendencies hat is from Japan. I had one when I was a little kid but I lost it. Their aesthetic really reminds me of being 13. I was living in Norway and their whole West Coast Latino gangster style had a big influence on me.

Erik Ellington in EE Slims Jet Black Denim, EE Tux Woven, E Dub Gold Hat, Waldo Tee, EE Cords
WWW.XR3VAPPAREL.COM WWW.ONEDIST.COM

RYAN MCGINLEY

Ryan is our cover photographer for this issue. He's been in Vice *like a million times. I mean, duh.*

1 When my brothers and sisters were little they used to get worms. My mom would hold sugar cubes up to their buttholes so the worms would come out and then she would yank the worms out with tweezers. I told that story to my friend Tim and he drew me a picture of it.

2 This is a crystal key chain I got in a gas station when I was driving cross-country. I was having some ear problems so I got two crystals and put them in there to heal them. Crystals have magic powers. It helped!

3 "Don't talk to me unless you're naked." I made a t-shirt iron-on of that slogan and I always wear it when I do photo shoots because I don't wanna talk to anyone I'm shooting until they're naked.

4 Pizza Dick is a restaurant in Cannes. I ate there every night.

5 This is a photo of a little sculpture I made with Xanax. It's "We [heart] Xanax" spelled out with Xanax.

6 This is a painting of me by Elizabeth Peyton. When I posed for it, the first session was three hours, but she didn't like it, so we did another session for two hours, but she didn't like it again, so this was the third session. I fell asleep. So it's me sleeping.

7 This is a poster for Dan Colen's show in Berlin. It's a Jewish prayer shawl draped over his erection. Dan's Jewish and his father says that his erection is the "staff of life." We wheat-pasted like a thousand of them all over the town.

8 The Bowen Ranch is a secret hot spring in California and this is a map to it. Only certain people can get the map. It's run by Radical Faeries so it's only for gays and their friends. It's the most beautiful hot spring ever.

9 I didn't use my car all winter and then when I got into it in the summer there were two rats that had died. They were the size of quarters. This is a Polaroid of them.

10 That's a drawing from a children's book of a kid falling into water. All my photos last summer were of people falling from the sky and this drawing was one of the inspirations for it.

11 This is a picture of a dog that fetched a dildo.

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SO, AHAB, CAN I BUM MY DOOBAGE?

Movies That Made Us Wanna Do Drugs Before We Ever Did Drugs

For tween girls in the 80s, there were two pivotal books you had to read: Forever *by Judy Blume and* Go Ask Alice *by Anonymous (ooh, anonymous! You just knew it was going to be good).* Forever *taught you about sex—mostly that it is normal for boys to name their penises "Ralph." And* Go Ask Alice *taught you about drugs.*

If you reread it now, you will laugh your head off at the corny, heavy-handed antidrug messages written in the guise of a real diary by a good girl who ends up turning into a full-blown junkie after being slipped a hit of LSD at a party. But as a "young adult," it was a totally believable shocker. There were two possible reactions you could have: Either it made you scared to death of drugs or it made you agree with your friends that it made you scared to death of drugs, but secretly you were thinking, "I cannot WAIT to try this stuff."

You know what else made us want to do drugs? Movies. And TV. And those DARE t-shirts. Pretty much everything made us want to do drugs. Here are our favorite childhood movies (not movies for children, but movies we happened to see during our impressionable youth) that made us realize that drugs are fun and cool, despite the countless, endless lies indicating otherwise.

WHERE THE DAY TAKES YOU

I don't remember much about this movie, only that it didn't make running away from home and becoming a homeless junkie prostitute seem all that bad. For one, no parents! If you run away, you can eat candy for breakfast, stay up as late as you want, and die early with no regrets. Cool! I used to fantasize about setting up a cute li'l bed fort under a bridge and meeting young hot street urchins with names like Zero and Puppy-Butt. My street name would be Cookie and I would live a long, hard life having to please my johns, but since they would let me use their blow dryers to feather my hair, it wouldn't be all that bad. Eventually I would grow up and talk to kids about my life on the streets and my days on angel dust. I'm pretty sure this is not the plot to *Where the Day Takes You*, but it might be the plot to this one episode of *Starsky and Hutch* where Kristy McNichol plays a sharp-tongued sassafras. Both are really good.

CHRISTIANE F. / DRUGSTORE COWBOY / JESUS' SON / REQUIEM FOR A DREAM AND SO ON

All heroin movies make me want to do heroin. It's always good-looking people who call each other by cool nicknames and wear awesome jean jackets that are impossible to find even on eBay. In *Drugstore Cowboy* Matt Dillon refers to Kelly Lynch as his "old lady," and because they were both really good-looking I thought that was a cool thing to be called. It seemed tough and created this "the world is our oyster" vibe. Billy Crudup was so hot in *Jesus' Son* that when he and Samantha Morton stayed in bed for three days and "carried each other to heaven," the veins in my arms started throbbing. *Requiem for a Dream* was supposed to scare us because of all the crazy consequences, but I saw that movie high and continued to get even higher when it was over. Marianne looking in the mirror while she's fucked-up is a great moment in heroin-cinema history. The best heroin movie however, the one that is pretty much Carnation Instant Junkie, is *Christiane F.* Every single kid in this movie is a fox, and the more strung out they get, the hotter they get. They're foreign, they eat cake and smoke cigarettes in the bathtub simultaneously, and they all hang out together on top of each other, creating one explosive hot bomb of leather, denim, dope, and hair dye. This is the world I expected to find when I was doing dope, but of course it doesn't exist. Instead I found myself crammed in some apartment with bad lighting, a couple of Yo Kids (you know, white thugs that say, "Yo, kid!"), a crackhead named Camillio and his girlfriend, Checkers, who had more kids in this world than teeth in her mouth, and me and my pussy boyfriend. Wow, fun. I would make a movie about it but no one would watch it, which is unfortunate because it would probably be the only one that would make people not want to do heroin. Then again, maybe all heroin movies turn people off except for my friends and me because we're all fucking crackhead losers.

LESS THAN ZERO

The book, even more so than the movie, made me want to do coke. But why? It's about the dark underbelly of LA's elite post-teens, where behind every jacuzzi and Camp Beverly Hills bedazzled sweatshirt there's a naked blond boy on some sort of death pinwheel and a rich old guy in a silk bathrobe making you blow coke up his ass and call him "Fancy." SIGN ME UP!

GOODFELLAS

Holy shit, the shot where Ray Liotta does a giant line of coke off a mirror and then he looks up and the camera zooms in on his pinned-out red eyes and "Gimme Shelter" is blaring in the background, and then the very next shot is of a plane zooming overhead? Don't mean to get all film-school nerd here, but if that isn't the greatest coke moment in cinema , I don't know what is. (Runner-up is the "Are you my mom?" scene in *Boogie Nights*.) Later on, whenever I did coke and happened to hear "Gimme Shelter" I would feel so cool and so high that I wanted to punch myself in the face.

THE BREAKFAST CLUB

"Da chick can't hold de smoke, dat's what it is." I had no idea what the hell Anthony Michael Hall was talking about, but man, did it make me want to try marijuana. Do you know what I learned about smoking doobage from *The Breakfast Club*? 1) It makes you a really good dancer. 2) It makes you able to shatter a glass door with your mind. 3) It is a bonding experience that has the power to unite a brain, an athlete, a basket case, a princess, and a criminal across social, economic, and sexual barriers—if for but a moment. Does that answer your question? Sincerely yours, *The Breakfast Club*.

COREY HAIM AND COREY FELDMAN

Yes, I realize the Coreys aren't a movie, but considering how wacky their lives have been, aren't they close enough? After I heard they were junkies I liked them even more. *The Lost Boys* was great because Jason Patrick was cute and the theme song "Cry Little Sister" was goth for kids who weren't into goth. I don't know if the Coreys were on drugs then. I think they started to get heavy into it after *Blown Away*. *Blown Away* was soft-core porn starring the Coreys and Nicole Eggert from *Charles in Charge* fame. The only thing I remember about *Blown Away* is that Nicole Eggert sits naked behind a huge stuffed teddy bear. She was trying to turn the Coreys on but she ended up turning America on!

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

My dad rented this when I was a kid and we watched it on our top-loading VCR. There's a scene where Gene Hackman is at a bar filled with African-Americans and he makes them all empty their drugs out. It's a shakedown, basically. So these gentlemen empty the contents of their pockets onto the bar and it's just EVERYthing—every possible drug you could imagine. And then Gene pours a beer on all of it. It made me wonder about a lot of things: About beer, about the stuff in the white bags, about the stuff in the brown bags, about the stuff that was rolled up, and about the powdery stuff that was flying everywhere. Meanwhile all the guys are going, "Aw c'mon, man!" And I thought, hmm, they really like this stuff, whatever it is. I wonder what it does…

MODERN GIRLS

This movie was a classic rental in my household on sick days. Three LA girls get all dolled up and have a crazy night on the town. This is exactly what I thought being a grown-up was going to be like: Martini glasses, lace gloves, boas, boyfriends, and bustiers. Virgina Madsen plays the hot blond who won't put up with her two-timing DJ boyfriend. Daphne Zuniga, whom you may remember from *Melrose Place* and *Spaceballs*, plays the cool, sophisticated brunette who is really picky about guys but ends up with the nerdy underdog. Then there's the sassy redhead (played by some girl you've never heard of) with short hair and she's like the "cute one." Whenever me and my sister played "Modern Girls," I was her because I was the youngest. Anyway, this movie was my first foray into the adult world of boozing and nightclubbing and I most definitely wanted in. I don't think the girls in *Modern Girls* were alcoholics, but I became one and I blame them for it.

LABYRINTH

I don't know if "enchanted" apples count as drugs, but it still made me wanna do them. Lots of them. I mean, look at that fucking thing. After watching David Bowie dance around with nightmarish puppets like this li'l funster, even the worst acid trip in the world couldn't rattle you. Thanks, *Labyrinth*.

LESLEY ARFIN

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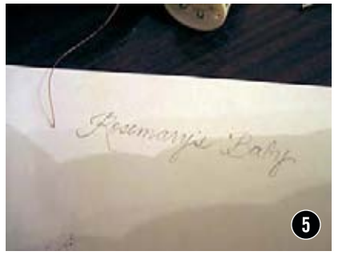

STICK 'N' POKE

How to Perform a Homemade Tattoo

Fashion designer Benjamin Cho is known for many things: His dazzling fashion creations, his outlandish drawings, his long-running Smiths/Morrissey party, and his uncanny ability to magically appear in magazine pages AT LEAST three times a month (Ben says, "Uh... Guilty as charged").

What you may not know is that Benjamin is also a master of the ol' stick 'n' poke. Out of the gutter, *los pervos*! We're referring to homemade tattoos: The old-fashioned, punk-rock DIY ones, done with a needle and thread. Over the years, Cho has performed dozens of these tattoos on his close friends ("And ONE random acquaintance," he huffs), and he is here, along with 23-year-old makeup artist and willing volunteer Alexis Page, to show us how it's done. Take it away, Ben…

1 First we'll need supplies. Number one is a pin or needle. I thank God every day that I am a fashion designer, just so I can own so many pins. ONLY KIDDING! We all know there is no God. Anyhoo, there is an abundance of little pricks to be found EVERYWHERE. Hundreds of them. Occasionally even to be found penetrating my skin. Uh... That sounded completely ribald. We're talking pins here! Any straight pin, gay pin, sewing needle, or safety pin will suffice.

2 Other supplies you will need include: Cotton thread for harboring the ink, a cup of water (or in this case a teacup, which I couple with a matching saucer for an extra touch of class), a nonpermanent pen for drawing and redrawing the image or script, Q-tips or a rag, and a quality ink. Actual tattoo ink, I find, is the most effective as it does not have a tendency to bleed or fade. However it is not easily available, so I would also suggest using an India or a Sumi ink. Some people have said that they actually prefer these choices. Personally, I think it is only because they never actually used real tattoo ink and are being foolishly peremptory. Come to think of it, could I be doing the same thing? No way.

3 You will also need one other very important thing: Live, willing flesh! (Note: Throw in a pair of latex gloves if you're giving a tat to someone "live, willing, and positive.")

4 And finally, I reluctantly agree to allow prescription painkillers for said live, willing flesh. Alexis here decided to pop half a Xanax. I normally would not encourage any painkillers other than alcohol, because it seems a bit lily-livered and honestly I'm a bit of a sadist. OK, I'm an ABSOLUTE sadist. If I wore leather (yay PETA) and could grow ample facial hair (boo Korea), I'd be harnessed, studded, and replete with handlebar mustache. Daddy Cho Cho Bear.

So anyways, I comply with the pills, imagining a potentially woozy, potentially drooling Alexis as a source of potential amusement. In addition, I thought the no-booze slant would add some responsible sensitivity to the half of downtown NYC denizens who are in "the program." A tat is NOT worth a Zero Days.

5 Now draw out what you want tattooed. In this case, Alexis has decided to get "Rosemary's Baby" tattooed on her right hip. Alexis's mother's name is Rosemary and whenever Alexis was misbehavin', her mother would say, "You really are Rosemary's baby!" And... Uh... THEN, little clairvoyant Alexis would respond, "Well, that makes

YOU Mia Farrow! And your future husband is gonna fuck AND Polaroid your naked adopted daughter!" Then her mother would one-up little Alexis by telling her, "Well, guess what?! YOU are adopted! Have fun!" Not to be outdone, Alexis would throw down the final words, "I know! I DO! I'm friggin' clairvoyant!" Then they would crumple into a pile of laughs and hugs... And a touch of lost innocence. For those who seek the truth, heed only the first three sentences of the above.

6 So continuing on with the tattooing. Our next step is to sterilize the needle by holding it over a flame until the tip glows red. Unless you have the calloused fingers of a hot, hunky chef such as, say, Anthony Bourdain, hold the opposite end of the needle with a cloth.

When the needle has cooled, begin wrapping the thread around it. Start at approximately 1/8" from the tip and continue along for about 1/4", wrapping back and forth until it forms a perfect ink-absorbing oval shape. Tie off.

7 Draw the tattoo on with a nonpermanent pen. Fortunately, my penmanship is UNBELIEVABLY flawless, miraculous almost, and REEKS of flair. Which is the only thing that reeks seeing as my shit don't smell.

8 Ensure that the tattoo-ee is 100-percent pleased with the placement and size of the design. You can make that 80-percent pleased for those annoyingly indecisive types. Alexis was not that way, by the by.

9 Pour some ink into the saucer, put on a movie you've seen before—we opted for *The Dark Crystal*, because... Hey, we should have put on *Rosemary's Baby*! Meh... Whatever. And now, let the poking begin!

10 Alexis is nervous.

11 The first delicious poke.

12 "Oh! That didn't feel like how I thought it was gonna feel," says Alexis. "It's nicer than with a tattoo gun. The noise of the gun drives me crazy. This doesn't hurt at all!" A tad cavalier much?

13 The poking continues for a while, calmly. Suddenly Alexis sucks in her breath, then comes this exchange:
Alexis: "OH MY GOD! What the fuck was that?!"
Me: "We're getting closer to your hip bone, and the skin is tauter. Does it hurt that bad?"
Alexis: "I hate you, Ben Cho."
Hehe. I know.

14 The first R is complete. "Jesus, that's all we have so far?!" says Alexis. "I need a beer." So much for Zero Days.

15 Beer break.

16 My technique actually changes depending on how inebriated I am when administering the tattoo. Here, I am being overly careful because I am completely sober and thus am fretting over each and every dot. This is because I cannot blame alcohol for any stray dots poked. Speaking of that, there was one late night in Miami when I gave a tattoo to my friend Dan Colen. It was 5 AM and a large group of friends had gathered in our

I HATE TO ADVOCATE
DRUGS,
ALCOHOL,
VIOLENCE,
OR INSANITY
TO ANYONE,
BUT THEY'VE ALWAYS
WORKED FOR ME.
– Hunter S. Thompson

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hotel room and—let's just say we were heavily on the tipsy side. Anyway, there were a few moments where I had pushed the needle in and we'd be hysterically laughing about whatever, then I'd look down and the entire needle, thread and all, would be in his chest! Then... Blood everywhere! But then we'd continue as if nothing happened. I blame the alcohol.

17 Throughout the tattoo, I will go back and darken some lighter parts. When the skin begins to get puffy it makes the dots look smaller. Therefore, I wait until the swelling is more even before I go over certain parts.

18 Alexis: "It feels like you're giving me an abortion!"

19 Me: "No, it feels more like your fifth abortion. You're kinda numb to it, but it still hurts."

20 The beer and half a Xanax don't seem to be doing the trick. We add some codeine to the mix. Barring a few dear sober pals (no pun intended... OK, intended), almost every time I've stuck and poked my friends, much liquor was involved, making them significantly and comfortably numb. Oftentimes it was the result of, say, an "emotionally rife" night out. Come to think of it, I believe all the tattoos I've given have been of loved ones, dead ones, or something personal and telltale. So, liquor, even as it makes one less smart, definitely makes it smart less. But in this case, Alexis had to resort to painkillers.

21 Alexis finally appears more relaxed. Then her mom calls. "Hi Mom, my friend is giving me a tattoo right now. It says 'Rosemary's Baby.' Yes, it's permanent." I grab the phone and in an attempt to mollify Mama say, "It's beautiful, Rosemary!" I think it worked!

22 The first time I ever did a stick 'n' poke was about five years ago in San Francisco. One of my bests, Brian Degraw, and I were out on the town with our pals Wong and MOB drinking vial after vial of a liquor called Underberg. Warning: Underberg is Damage Juice! It is a digestive alcohol that tastes like concentrated Jägermeister with hints of Band-Aids. While it may soothe your upset stomach, it will also continue to rape your brain repeatedly until you have a mental disorder. We unwittingly downed vials aplenty, then proceeded to thieve pool cues from the bar and use them to play drums on warehouse windows for several blocks down the street. After shattering our fair share of panes and playing trash-can djembe, my Underberg-eyes fixated on this orange construction netting, which I wrapped around my body and then rolled my way down Van Ness in. Ultimately, after such an impassioned evening, we were feeling the love, and we came home and tattooed each other's initials on our arms. That was the first time.

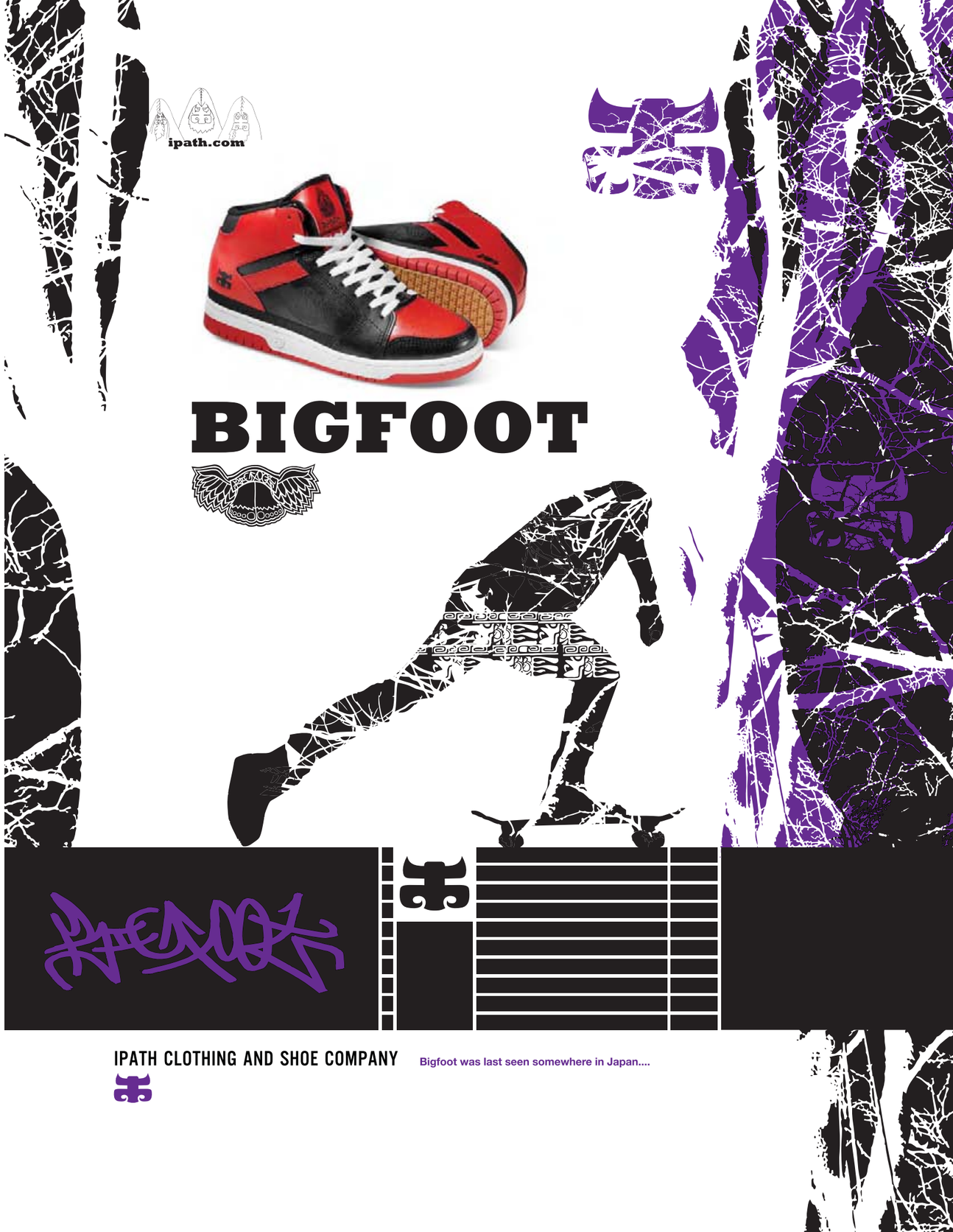
Just one letter to go.

23 After three hours, Alexis is successfully stuck and poked. Voilà and tada!

The script I used is intentionally dotty, like a marquee. It looks starry and rather romantic and stylish. This is the way I did my very first one, and it has incidentally become my signature style. Pun intended.

24 Ben: "Whenever I've tattooed someone, I feel as though it creates a unique bond."
Alexis: "I'm really happy with my new tattoo and I feel great. It's like endorphins are shooting out of my body. I feel like going out and fighting someone!"

BENJAMIN CHO
FEATURING ALEXIS PAGE



In this new regular feature, we take a ridiculous story we've recently heard, get all the sides of it, and then take the main players back to the scene for a portrait.

Picture this: A quaint prewar walk-up on a tree-lined block in picturesque Park Slope, Brooklyn. It's 3 AM and a drunk, naked, bewildered man who doesn't live in the building is wandering the halls banging on strangers' doors. A Buddhist neighbor takes pity on him.

PHOTO BY BEN RITTER

THE PROTAGONIST

Apparently I drank a little too much whisky at this bar downtown. Last thing I remember is my buddy leaving the place and saying, "All right, man, I'll see ya later." Next thing I knew I was in the stairwell of a strange building looking for a bathroom. I realized that I was completely naked and I didn't know where I was or why I was there. I became probably the most frightened I've ever been in my life. It was like every bad dream you've ever had come true all at once.

Slowly I started to piece things together. I'd come home with someone who lived in this building, we had both passed out in her bed after doing it, and then I woke up needing to piss. She had told me that the bathroom was upstairs—or at least that's what I thought she had said. Turned out that was impossible and I had locked myself out of her place. When I couldn't find a bathroom, I tried to go back into the apartment but I couldn't remember which door I'd come out of. In a total panic, I started trying to open all the apartment doors in the building. Finally, one of the neighbors opened his door to talk to me and he kindly offered me a towel.

Suddenly four police officers came barging up the stairs. I never saw anything like it. The cops really wanted to get me out of the building, but I kept telling them that I belonged there, that I had pants, I had a jacket, I had *things,* and my things were here—I just didn't know where. They were like, "Give us any information you can," but I couldn't give them anything. I didn't even know what town I was in.

Somehow the cops figured out the right apartment. They led me in, woke the girl up with a flashlight in her face, made her identify me, and left me there. They made fun of me and laughed as they were leaving. They were mostly just smiling a lot and laughing. There was one Herc-from-*The-Wire* type guy who got in my face a little bit, threatening to take me downtown or some shit. I was terrified. I must have been really, really unmanly, like begging them not to put me in the police car. But I will take any kind of embarrassment over going "downtown" naked any day.

So I just went back to sleep. Woke up the next day and went to work. That's it. The experience has definitely stayed with me. When you hit bottom real bad it doesn't go away very easily.

THE UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR

I'm kind of an earnest Buddhist hippie, so the first thing I felt was true compassion for the guy because he's completely bonked out his mind and he's standing there naked in the hallway and he can't even remember his own name. I've been a musician on the road for years so this is not an unusual thing for me. The poor guy could not even keep himself up straight, so he didn't really seem like much of a threat.

So anyway, it was about 3 AM and I heard someone knocking on the door. I got up to see who it was. I looked through the peephole and I couldn't see that the guy was naked. I just saw his face. He was saying something that I think he thought was English but it wasn't really. He looked kind of upset so I opened the door but I planted my foot at the base of it and my knee behind it so I could get it about as wide as my chest and talk to him, but if he were to make a single move, the door would be shut before he could do anything.

So I see that he's naked—and he's got quite a few tattoos, by the way—and it's clear that he's not a threat, he's just whacked out of his head. I said, "Can you remember if you came home with a guy or a girl?" He said it was a girl. I said, "Good start, there are only three apartments with girls. Do you remember if it was up or down?" He said no. I said, "Can you remember your name?" He said no. He just kept saying, "Please, if you could just help me find the apartment. I know it sounds crazy—I just can't remember anything." He wasn't upset or weird. He was really subdued.

Being a Buddhist, I thought, whether or not it's drugs or alcohol, this guy is disoriented and he's not faking it. And he's naked. So I said, "Look, I don't think you're a bad person, but I can't leave the apartment and wander the halls with you. I'm sorry. But let's just start with the basics—how about a towel?"

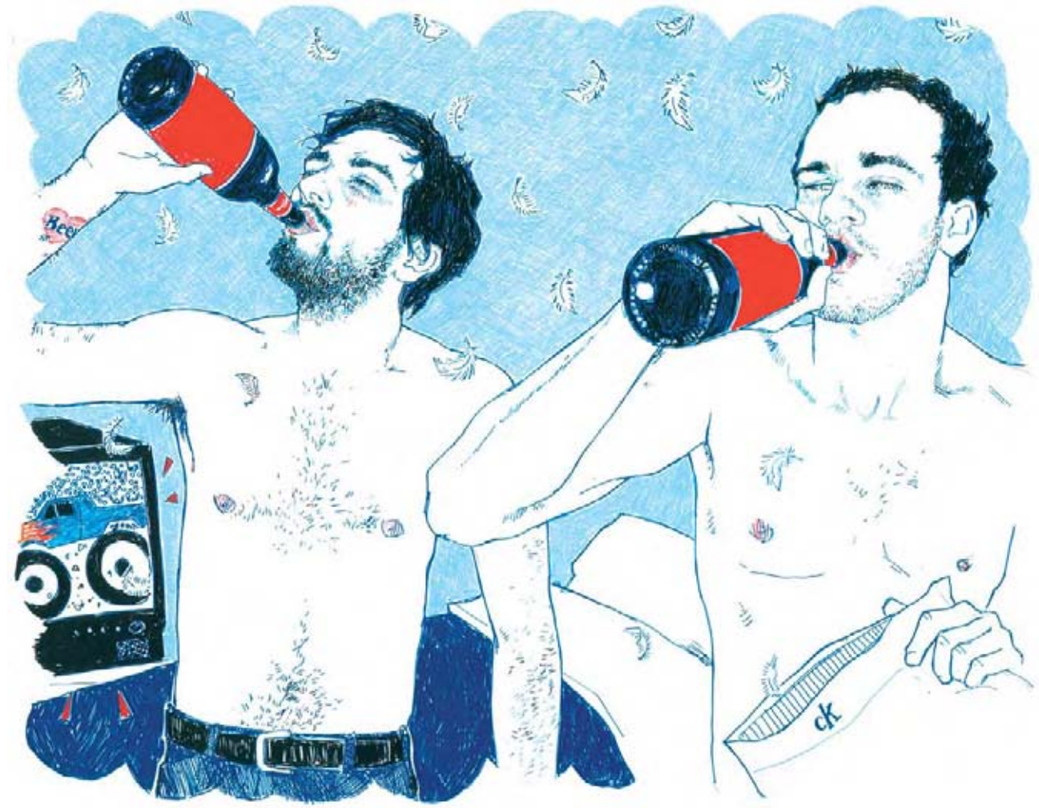
So I got him a towel and by that time someone else in the building had already called the police so I didn't get a chance to help him. I probably would have. I don't even know how he got up the stairs. He was leaning against the wall, like he had to go to the bathroom really bad, like crossing his legs and hunched over. He was moving really slow and slurring his words.

There were four cops and one looked like a lieutenant. We're on a really nice block in a nice neighborhood, and, in my opinion, if this guy had been African-American he would have been arrested. We had had a small break-in about two weeks earlier—turns out a homeless guy was sleeping in our basement—and it totally freaked everyone out so we were all already on edge and then this happened. Everyone's pretty furious at the neighbor who brought him home. I saw her in a café afterward and I said, "Listen, I know in the end it turned out to be just one of those things. Mostly I'm just concerned that you're OK. I'm totally not judging you for anything, but at the same time, unfortunately, the other people in the building thought they were being robbed and they are really freaked out and furious." Afterward, she posted a letter on her door explaining what happened and apologizing. I think that helped.

My girlfriend was furious at me for opening the door, but ultimately I've been in so many bizarre situations in so many different countries—I've been doing music since I was 16 and I'm in my late 30s now—that you just learn how to read a situation. I saw a young, tattooed, artistic naked guy in the hallway who just took one too many pills. I took it with a grain of salt and a sense of humor.

The next day, my neighbor left my towel outside my door with a little note that said "thank you."

Upper Playground Worldwide
Hoi Ann, Vietnam
Photo by: David Choe
upperplayground.com



GETTING GAYSTED

One Homo's Guide to Borking Straight Dudes

ILLUSTRATION BY HOPE GANGLOFF TEXT BY SETH BOGART

For any self-respecting 'mo there is no sweeter plum than untouched hetero bum-bum. You might think it's a gay pipedream, but this one guy we know has landed scores of straights. We asked him to give us a detailed breakdown on how he lures them over to the fag side. Apparently it involves witchcraft, which was really surprising to us. Please keep in mind, however, that our author lives in San Francisco, which has about a gazillion times more straight males than straight females. Thus, we can deduce that a high level of hornball desperation might make the menfolk there a little bit more open-minded about who gets to touch their parts.

Every time I tell my coworker at the hair salon about the latest straight guy I'm in love with, he says, "The only difference between a straight guy and a gay guy is a six-pack." And while getting a guy drunk and molesting him after he's passed out is one way of getting into a straight dude's pants, there are definitely more creative and less rape-y ways of going about it.

Before I was barely even old enough to say the words "men's room," I was already rolling around nude with neighborhood dudes, JO-ing to stolen pornos with "friends," and French-kissing by pretending to be a hot chick falling off a boat. (The boat was my bunk bed and my savior was the cutest boy in my fifth-grade class.) I always went for the hot hunks, but not the fruity kind. I wanted the future-BMX-champion, shaggy-haired, delinquent variety (see *Over the Edge* and *The Outsiders* for reference). I fantasized about my

dad's friends—one was a firefighter!—and I loved all of my older brother's friends. In high school my first real boyfriend was a football player. So you see why the tweezed-eyebrow club-kid look ain't really doing it for me. I'm not saying hot tough gays don't exist but if skinheads and bears don't get you going, there aren't tons of choices left.

I know one day I'll meet my Romeo, but till then it's all about the "are they or aren't they?" stud-muff dreamboats who rotate in and out of my life. And I will now tell you how to land them. Let's start with what NOT to do: Begging, prostitution, and rape are no-nos. Getting down on your knees and begging is not attractive (except when it is!), prostitution can be pricey, and rape is a cop-out. Here are eight easy steps to being in his pants within a week.

DUDES NITE

Have a "Dudes Nite." Invite the straight guy you like, your coolest straight friends (who know not to bust you out), and maybe another gay. But not one who will totally Judy out and scare your man away—or try to steal him. Actually, fuck that, it's Dudes Nite. Leave those fruits at home. Dudes Nite can consist of the following activities: Watching *Yo! MTV Raps*, ordering pizza, talking about "babes," eating chips and dips, and watching *Entourage* or maybe a movie like *Bad News Bears*. Be sure to drink lots of gross beer like Milwaukee's Best or anything with the word "ice" in it. Drugs are nice too. Make sure the couch is stuffed and you're next to your crush. Don't start Dudes Nite till 11 PM so the chances of your dude crashing at your place are higher. No matter how bad your girlfriends wanna come, DO NOT LET THEM.

Every time you use the urinal at a public restroom, spell out his name with your pee. I know it sounds really creepy but every time you do it, he'll think of you.

FORM A FAKE BAND WITH HIM

Whether or not you play an instrument, ask him to start a band with you. Straight guys love to be in bands. Do lots of photo shoots before you practice at all. Convince him that image is everything these days. The photo shoots will have you getting progressively more and more naked. You need to see him shirtless and in his underwear! You have to eyeball the goods if you're gonna put in all this hard work, right?

ICUP

Spells are a last resort (we'll get to that later), but this is an easy one so why not: Every time you use the urinal at a public restroom, spell out his name with your pee. I know it sounds really creepy but every time you do it, he'll think of you.

KICK OUT THE JAMS

When he's around, listen to his favorite music. That would be punk or rap. Rock 'n' roll is cool too, but if you bust out Madonna or some electronic shit, he's probably not gonna jive (and if he likes it—hi! he's a homo already!).

ROCK THE LOOK AND TALK THE TALK

Let him borrow your clothes. Having him dress a little bit fruity is good. Fewer girls will try to scam on him and no gay can compete with YOU so now you're set. Now that he looks like you he has to talk like you. This is super-gay (not gay as in "me," gay as in *ghey*) but text messages are great. Let your comedic genius shine. Inside jokes and slang or abbreviations you made up (or he thinks you made up) are the best. Don't tell him you like him but you'd be surprised what a little flirting can do.

GET BRUTE

Don't go to "gay events" with him. You gotta blend in with his world. Getting brute can be really fun. Shooting BB guns and going to monster-truck rallies have never been so great.

HEY JEALOUSY

Jealousy is the strongest emotion on earth. If you're not getting what you want from the straight, it's time to bring out the big guns. Start with step one (Dudes Nite), only this time with his good friend as your main interest. Or when you're out and about, get up in another guy's grill and flirt away. He will miss the lavish adoration you bathe him in and act in desperate measures to get you back.

SLUMBER PARTY

Now that your friendship is moving on, it's time to have a slumber party. Watch a movie, eat snacks in bed. Don't make a move, wait and see if he makes the first move. He probably will—he's a dude. After a few slumber parties, if nothing has happened yet, it's time to make the first move. Start with cuddling. Soon you'll be kissing. My straight friend once said, "If you suck a dick you are gay, but if you get your dick sucked by a gay, you are OK." Assure your dude that this is true. Most people will try anything once. Parts is parts, after all.

WITCHCRAFT

When all else fails it's time for a SPELL. I did one once in high school and I only recommend it if you have tried absolutely everything else with no results. Here's what you gotta do: Get a tiny lock of your obsession's hair and put it in an empty pill bottle with water and two teaspoons of sugar. If you're worried about obtaining a clipping of his hair, offer him a haircut or secretly snip off a lock while he's asleep. Here's where my twist comes in: I added a piece of penis pasta that my gay uncle had just given my mom as a joke gift. You can get penis pasta at, like, a sex shop or whatever. Once you have the potion all mixed up, put it in a safe spot and wait two weeks. He will become so absolutely bonkers in love with you, you'll have to do a reverse spell just to make him leave you alone.

IN CLOSING

Heartbreak is likely in your future. Chances are he will develop a crush on you. He'll probably fool around with you. He might even fall in love with you. But unless you get a sex-change operation, it's probably not going to last. You might have a big dick, nice bod, and attractive chest hairs but he will always prefer the T&A and will probably be stolen away by some sooner or later. When you're starting to feel bummed, move on to the next straight guy. They're everywhere!

It's still summer in Australia and everyone's dressing like a fat Japanese girl that's sleeping at your house because her dad found her dildo and he is fucking furious but she could give a shit and she's not falling for his tyrannical bullshit anymore.

After a lifetime of compliments, pretty girls get dressed with such grace and good sense each morning is like a Christo and Jeanne-Claude project.

Thailand Fonzarelli over here has taken every cool stereotype and piled it on himself in such an obviously corny way it repels you into loving him.

If Larry Clark and Debbie Harry made a TV show that combined Suicidal Tendencies and *The Cosby Show* these two would be in the studio audience.

She looks like one of those weird artsy girls that lives in her studio and shows up at the party late by herself and has all kinds of pills you never heard of.

70 years of first class, non-stop sneakers PF-FLYERS

"Hey, Grandpa Leduc, what did you do in the early 2000s?" "Well, Jean-Marc, me and my friends drove to America and followed around some band that was named after cum."

Sorry but the tuxedo-and-Chucks thing is for the zany guy at the prom who wears Vuarnets on a string and has one candy bar up each sleeve.

Dear ladies, picking your zits until your face looks like it slept in rats is like smooch repellent only scarier.

If you like to wear grunge pajamas but you can't get laid in New York, move to Nebraska and hang out at art galleries, where the one pretty girl in town will be forced to talk to you.

This country is a melting pot, not just of races and cultures but of fucking losers. That means you get deluded aging musicians palling it up with pathetic drag queens flirting with quirky Germans that write "comical poetry" for the internet.

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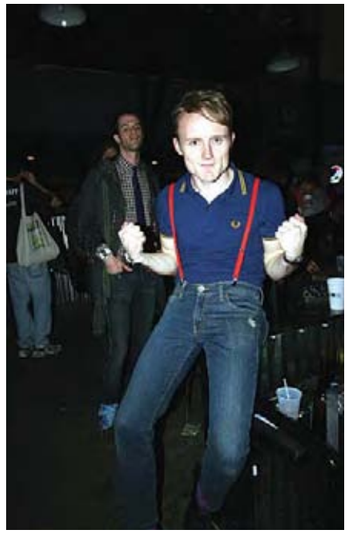
Finally, the Women's Studies department has agreed on the most acceptable way to approach a woman: Dress yourself up as an androgynous Christmas present that cries hearts and only talks about surprise parties.

Suspenders on girls and those Judi Rosen-type jeans that go up to your ribs are so regal yet goofy it's like fucking around with the princess of architecture.

A massive influx of Asians into North America has forced white girls to raise the cute bar to just above pubescent, which is a real bummer if you're not a heterosexual male with a healthy libido.

This awesome pile of trash looks like that 80s movie *Times Square* but with less codependence and more shots.



Now that the skinheads are gone it's time to rifle through their leftovers and take the best parts. Doc Martens are still a no-no and we don't need the bleach splatters or the shaved heads but what about just the middle part? Yes? All right!

The odds of getting two girls back to your place after a night of boozing is very low. The odds of a threesome going down are way lower. But if you don't at least bust out a "Why don't you guys make out?" your wank Rolodex will hate you for the rest of its life.

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Alternative weddings are gay. If you're so over this "antiquated tradition" why the fuck are you participating in it in the first place? It's like having a graffiti slipcover over your Bible or doing your homework with a pencil that says "Fuck This."

You could have been a contender but no, you had to pop that on your head. Dude, quirky hats are for kids' toys and fun grandmas dying of breast cancer.

The winter hat indoors is only a little worse than sunglasses but BAPE? When did models start dressing like suburban wiggers who use Wii nunchucks and say "Get crunked"?

You can't just slap a hat on your tits and call it a shirt.

What is with this David Copperfield bathing-suit bullshit where women create the illusion of being nude? Fuck off, peekaboo hips.

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STIFF AS A BOARD

(l-r): Maxime Perelmutter shirt, Cloak hoodie, April 77 jeans, PF Flyers shoes; Uniqlo shirt, H&M jeans, Mitchell & Ness hat, Alife shoes

PHOTOS: Richard Kern STYLIST: Annette Lamothe-Ramos ASSISTANT: Gabriela Helfet
MODELS: Alex and Allan courtesy of Development NYC CASTING: Douglas Perrett

(l-r): American Apparel t-shirt, Loden Dager button-down shirt, Circa jeans, Converse shoes; Still Life hat, Diesel t-shirt, Nudie jeans, Etnies Plus shoes

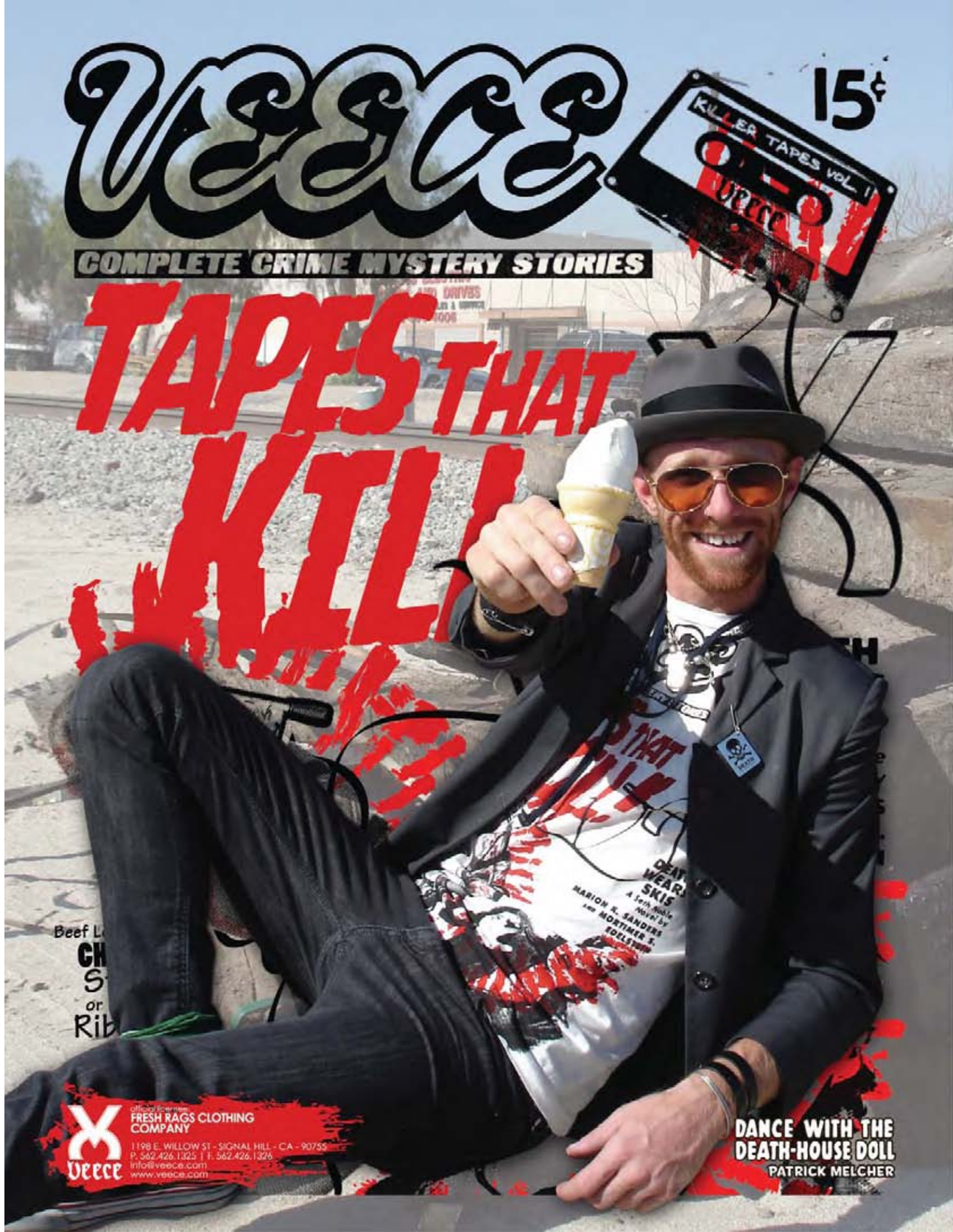
VICE FASHION

(l-r): aNYthing shirt, Cheap Monday jeans; Ksubi shirt, Iron Army jeans

(l-r): Diesel jeans, WESC underwear; 10 Deep shirt, Iron Army jeans, 55DSL socks

VICE FASHION

(l-r): 55DSL underwear; Uniqlo boxers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DANCE WITH THE DEATH-HOUSE DOLL
PATRICK MELCHER

FLIPPED-OUT PRISON

It's a Hard-Knock Life in Filipino Jails (Kinda)

On the island of Cebu in the Philippines, there are two jails. One is a third-world nightmare hell on earth full of happy, relaxed people. The other is a thoroughly modern facility where all the inmates are hateful, twitchy, and basically traumatized.

Bagong Buhay Rehabilitation Center is a 30-year-old prison designed to house about 250 prisoners. It's currently holding 1,600. The prison is so packed that there's not enough room for everyone to lie down at once, so the prisoners sleep in shifts, mostly three to a pile on tiny makeshift cots called *cobols* that are made out of rice sacks and wood scrap.

It's also too full to close the prison doors, so the prisoners just clamber around as they please—murderers, embezzlers, bandits, and perverts rubbing shoulders and holding master classes. Apparently, it's calmed down a lot since about 900 drug addicts were moved to a separate facility down the road.

Like a lot of prisons in the Philippines, the BBRC is built on the old colonial model: A square of dirt with a big wall around it. It's a madhouse. The guards won't set foot in the place unless they're in a pack of 20 and covered by sharpshooters on the walls.

Plumbing is non-existent. There's never enough food, and the best time to shower is when it rains. It sounds like the perfect example of the worst prison on earth, but it's actually not so terrible. Because there are no guards—really—the prisoners have to organize things for themselves. They do this along cellblock lines. Although the doors to the cells are never closed, the prisoners operate under the rubric of 13 cellblocks, or brigades, with between 100 and 200 members to each 100-square-meter "home cell."

Every cellblock elects its own *bosyo,* or mayor, whose job is to keep the peace and solve problems for the prisoners. He gets medicine for the sick, helps fill out paperwork, and organizes ritual beatings for prisoners who get out of line. The beatings are not too brutal, though, because any prisoner can just go join another cellblock if he feels hard done by. Basically, a bosyo characterized it to me like this: "If they step out of line, I spank the butt."

The final authority within the prison walls is the *mayor de mayoris*, who is elected by a council of cell leaders. All disputes between the brigades are referred up to him. He has his own separate police force within the prison, with a special unit for protecting visitors, a secretary, and the unbelievable luxury of a clock radio and a two-square-meter room.

Commerce is thriving. Shopkeepers (prisoners who run barter-based businesses) can buy cigarettes, dried fish, and soap from the police canteen. And property rates are on the rise. One inmate named Henry bought his one-cubic-meter sleeping box for 2,000 pesos a couple years ago, and it is now worth 3.5 grand.

Barbie, the four-time winner of the Miss BBRC beauty contest (yes, they really have that), gets 20 pesos a blowjob. He's actually inclined to give them for free, but with all that cash flowing around, come on. People are happy to tip. People are happy.

Cebu Provincial Detention and Rehabilitation Center is different. It is a brand new prison built on the American model, with fingerprint scanners, closed-circuit TV, and orange uniforms. It's run by Byron F. Garcia, and because he thinks it's a jewel of a facility, he took me on a tour and let me photograph whatever I wanted. Here are some pictures from each place.

ADAM JASPER

This is a BBRC cobol. They typically sleep three prisoners at a time and can be rented out by couples for between 20 and 50 pesos an hour. These inmates look relaxed because they are. They can receive all the visitors they want, and as long as they don't try to break out of jail, they can do pretty much whatever they want. Three years ago, one of them set off a homemade bomb in the prison. When the chief warden tried to send him to solitary confinement, he laughed in the warden's face.

CPDRC—Cebu Provincial Detention and Rehabilitation Center—is a few miles up the hill and has a totally different atmosphere.

It's a "Western-style" jail, with six to eight inmates to a cell.

CPDRC is officially governed by the inmates, but the guy who runs it, Byron F. Garcia, told me that he only lets the prisoners elect ex-cops and military officers to the positions of bosyo and mayor de mayoris. The current mayor is an ex-cop called Leo who is said to have killed five people.

When CPDRC was first opened a couple of years back, there were about 17 deaths in the first three months, and many of them happened in this cell. The inmates figured it was haunted because communist guerrillas used the site it's built on as a mass grave during the 1980s. For this reason, people would do whatever they could to get out of the room. It got hysterical after a "white lady" was seen entering the prison on surveillance cameras in the middle of the night. Eventually, a Catholic priest was called in to do a full exorcism. He said he drove out all the evil spirits, including hundreds of aborted babies that crawled around during the prayer (so he told me). After the exorcism, the deaths suddenly stopped, and the cell is being used again.

I don't know why this sign says this. I said something about his looking "too young to retire" and he laughed uncontrollably for about two minutes.

This is a perfect tattoo.

This one is Spiderman caught at the center of a giant web, surrounded by tropical flowers and crocodiles. Above him are the words "King David," and below are a pair of loving hands joined by cuffs. Oh, and of course, Spiderman has spread his legs to reveal his vagina.

Most of these ladies are in the CPDRC for running shabu, *a methlike stimulant that's by far the most popular drug in the Philippines. It was described to me as "the poor man's crack," and it turns chilled-out locals into machete-wielding lunatics.*

The nature of the females is disciplined and submissive. That's why they not only sew prison uniforms but also carry out "livelihood projects," such as making sequined bags.

This is Lindsay Amar. Her bunk is incredibly tricked out, even by house-proud Filipino standards. She has to-do lists, sunglasses, and baby powder within reach, as well as a decorated image of the patron saint of the Philippines and paintings of flowers and butterflies done on styrofoam dinner plates. The vertical straps allow her to rig up a privacy curtain.

The lesbian inmates are kept segregated in the next cell over from the straight women. All they do all day is have pillow fights in their underwear. (We wish.)

This is Byron F. Garcia with his bitches. The CPDRC gang tattoo is his name—no joke. All of these women have the official "Byron F. Garcia" insignia, which consists of a sword as the scales of justice and a red rose with thorns. Leo, the mayor de mayoris and ex-cop, has the same tattoo on his chest. Garcia runs the jail like his personal S&M dungeon, and he doesn't care if you know it. Why should he? His sister is governor and his dad is a senator. You can't touch him.

When not sitting around waiting, the prisoners do mass exercises in the yard. All 900 of them. Garcia had them do the "YMCA" for my amusement. It was incredibly depressing. He posted the video on YouTube under his real name.

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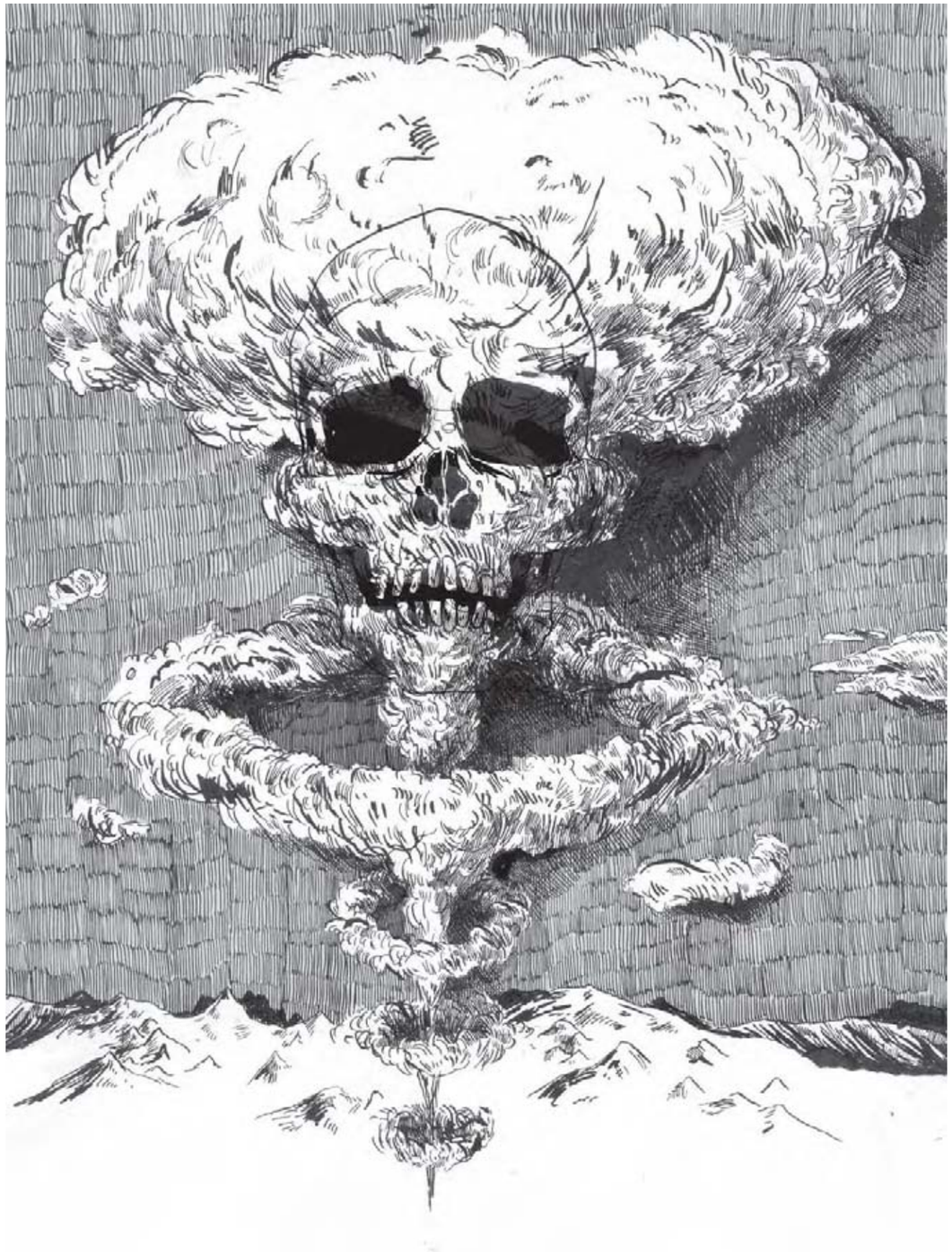


IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

And This Guy Feels Fine

ILLUSTRATION BY MILANO CHOW PHOTO BY SCHUYLER PISHA

In 1980, Bruce Beach decided to build a fallout shelter in a hillside half a mile from his home in the tiny village of Horning's Mills, Ontario. He buried four gutted, interlocked school buses in the ground, and it was just big enough for him and his family. Then, in 1985, he decided to add another four buses. It would have ended there, but the tow-truck guys who sold the buses to him kept coming with more buses, and he kept taking them. He stopped at 42 buses, only because construction needed to be finished before winter.

Work crews poured tons of concrete over the buses' forms. It had to be poured over all 42 buses at once so that it didn't cause them to shift out of position. Then the concrete had to be sprayed with water for a month to keep it damp until it was fully set, to prevent cracking. The buses encased in concrete make a honeycomb structure, one of the strongest natural forms. According to Bruce, the shelter can withstand a nuclear blast from a mile outside the blast crater of the explosion. That doesn't really matter though, since it's located 20 miles away from anything that could be considered a nuclear target. By the time it was finished in 1985, Ark Two, as it came to be called, was a 10,000-square-foot underground complex that could shelter hundreds of people.

Bruce is a hearty, white-haired Kansan, a Santa Claus type who speaks with hard Midwestern consonants and Canadian vowels. He's in his 70s and has a bit of a lazy eye from a stroke he suffered years ago, but he's so full of piss and vinegar that it's easy to forget his age. He began to worry about nuclear war in the late 1950s, when he was a control

tower operator at Dobbins Air Force Base in Georgia, landing the big bombers. "It was one of the five bases in the US where you had to have a top-secret security clearance. I saw very unusual types of aircraft there—black birds, flying wings, planes that I've never seen since. And I saw UFOs there. I have tons of UFO stories. Anyway, that made me more aware of the delivery and the power of nuclear weapons. When I got out of the service, that was when I first started to store supplies, have a bug-out bag, and make plans to escape."

One of the more than 150 jobs Bruce has held since then was as a general contractor, building over 20 shelters in Utah and Idaho during the 1960s. In '74, Bruce felt that then vice president Spiro Agnew was after him. "The rumor was that camps were being opened for people who objected to the administration's extreme views on things." Bruce's wife, Jean, had family in Horning's Mills and she owned some land there—including the hill where Ark Two was eventually built—so it seemed the place to go.

At one point Bruce was part owner of a company that built robotic arms, one of which was used to salvage the space shuttle Challenger. This may be where the money for Ark Two came from, although Bruce doesn't talk about his finances or what it cost to build the shelter. You see, Ark Two has caused him tax problems. In spite of the fact that he provided a full accounting of the construction to the assessors, they simply didn't believe that it was possible to build such a large underground structure for the amount he declared. An informed estimate from another source put the cost of the original construction around $1 million, and the cost to replace it today at $2 million.

When we visited him last month, Bruce predicted, "with 90 percent certainty," that a nuclear war would be underway within six weeks. There was already one US aircraft carrier in the Persian Gulf menacing Iran, and a second was due to arrive within a few days. Bruce explained that the US would use a small nuke on Iran, at which point Pakistan would face a "use it or lose it" scenario. India, Israel, and Russia would likely follow suit. When I couldn't help but ask Bruce, in a snotty college-boy way, if he really believed this with 90 percent certainty, he said: "That's where I'm at. You're talking to the fellow who's got probably the largest private survival complex in North America. You've gotta be motivated, y'know? I travel in a circle where everybody believes this is going to happen. Go down and talk to a Baptist minister about the probability that the Rapture is going to occur in the next year, and Jesus is going to come down—he really believes that." I stuttered that I wasn't dismissing his prediction, just the probability. I said I would

When I got out of the service, that was when I started to store supplies, have a bug-out bag, and make plans to escape.

put the probability at more like one percent. For the rest of the weekend, when I got on his nerves he would call me "Mr. One Percent." It was a pretty good burn, actually.

Bruce's biggest worry is that he won't have enough people in the shelter to do what needs to be done inside and—more importantly—outside, once the fallout is gone. As important as it is to him, Bruce views Ark Two as "just a ship to sail across the sea of radiation." Reconstruction is what he's all about. For this reason, he dislikes being called a survivalist. He wants to build a new, utopian society after the survivors emerge from their shelters. I really couldn't even begin to explain his program for reconstruction in fewer than 5,000 words, but you can read all about it on his website. It depends on having pockets of people around the world, working from the same principles of reconstruction, who will eventually link up together. To this end, he maintains TEAM leaders (that's Together Everyone Achieves More) in each of the 50 US states and around the world. These people correspond with him, subscribe to his email newsletter, and distribute his free pamphlets and DVDs. Presumably most of them are concerned about nuclear war and some of them have shelters, but he admits ruefully that the whole thing is long on organization and short on action, "all hat and no cows, as they say in Texas." Through his website, Bruce also offers free consultation on shelter building to anyone who asks, on three conditions: That they want to build a shelter right away, that they already have a place to build it, and that they have a budget, however small. Among the hardcore survivalists, Bruce is a living legend.

He has always encouraged people to come and live in Horning's Mills. Anyone can have a place in the shelter, as long as they put in a few hours of work here and there. A strange cast of characters have drifted in and out over the years. "Various charismatic leaders have shown up with 'their people,' but they've got to keep 'their people' really under control, and they were afraid 'their people' would say, 'Wait, we don't need a charismatic leader...' So they disappeared on me." At the moment, Bruce has a list of 58 locals, many of them his in-laws, who he's pretty sure will be on board. Of course, since everyone in the town knows about the shelter, any number of terrified Ontarians may show up when the world starts to go all *Mad Max* on them.

INSIDE THE ARK TWO

A massive green steel front door, a ten-foot wire fence, and some rusty ventilation shafts poking out of the ground are the only indicators of the vast underground complex below. From the front door, the entryway to the shelter slopes down, into the hillside. All

Continued on pg. 110

A SURVIVAL GLOSSARY

Here's a quick guide to the terms you'll need to know as you wander the postnuclear rubble that was once America. This is all genuine survival-community-speak, so commit it to memory if you plan to play ball.

ALPHA STRATEGY: This is the idea that one should store more than they will need to consume after the shit goes down. You can use your surplus for barter and charity.

ALICE: All-purpose Lightweight Individual Carrying Equipment, aka an expensive backpack.

ASBO: Antisocial behavior. It won't fly in a place like the Ark Two.

BIVVY: Short for bivouac. You should know how to do this, pronto.

FUD: Fear, Uncertainty, and Doubt. Three things that will be very common after the apocalypse.

GOLDEN HORDE: Refers to the Mongol horde of the 13th century. To survivalists, this is the horde of refugees and looters that will pour out of every city in the world.

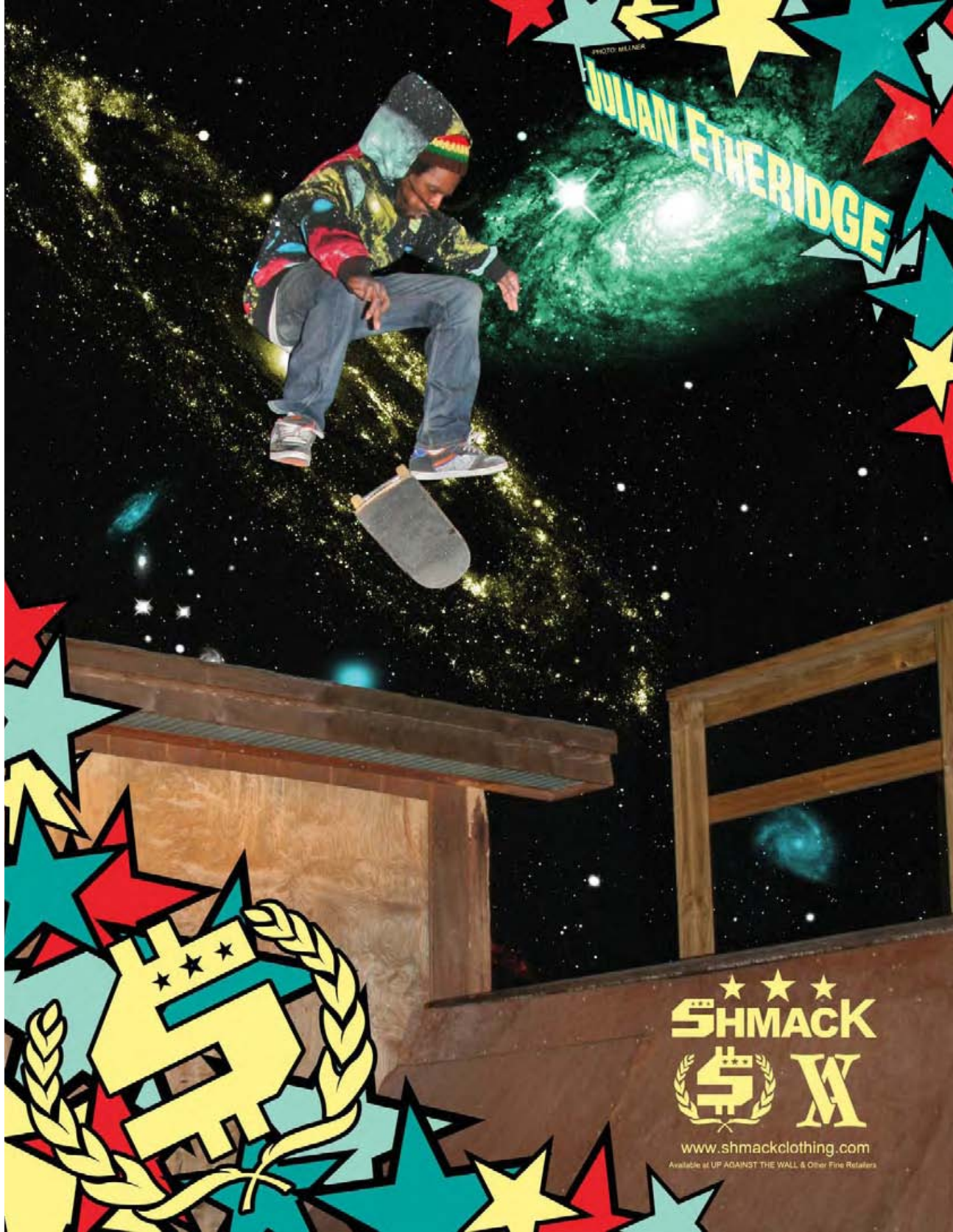
GRID DOWN: This is when the official power grid is gone.

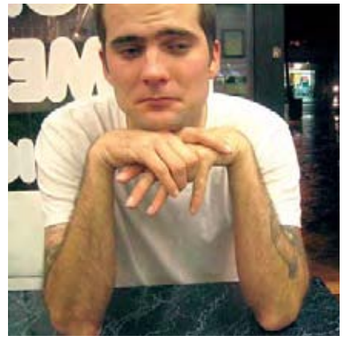
MZB: Mutant Zombie Biker. Outlaw bikers are a particular threat to survivalists.

POLLYANNA: A person in denial of the fact that society is going to collapse into an anarchic, radioactive shit heap.

PREPPER: A person who is prepared. A survivalist.

TEOTWAWKI (AKA "THE CRUNCH"): Acronym for The End Of The World As We Know It. Pronounced "Tee-ought-walk-ee."





Kathy and Patrick O'Dell, then and now.

SWELL O'DELLS

Lambsbread Is My Sister

I've known my little sister Kathy her whole life, and as far I can remember she never expressed any interest in playing music or being in a band. Then suddenly she's all, "I'm in a noise band called Lambsbread and I'm dropping out of college to tour! We play all these gigs and people go fuckin' nuts!" I thought, "This is total bullshit. Nobody gives a shit about her arty 'noise' band—it's just an excuse to peace out of school." But then I saw some photos online of them playing in New York at the No Fun Fest. People really were going nuts for them!

Next thing you know, she's staying at Thurston Moore's house and playing All Tomorrow's Parties in England. Every time she calls me now it's like she's in Led Zeppelin or something: She's drunk, stoned, driving the van, smoking a cigarette, and yelling at someone else in the background all at the same time. I'm a little concerned, to be honest.

Vice: I have to say that I didn't see much guitar-playing happening when we were growing up.

Kathy O'Dell: The first time I played out I didn't know a thing about the guitar. I'm still at a basic level in terms of knowing the guitar in the traditional manner. I just like the way the guitar sounds and I like to manipulate it from there. I would just turn on an amp with a guitar attached to it and it would sound good. It felt good so I kept going with it.

I never saw you play a guitar and suddenly it's like, "Sorry, Dad, I'm dropping out. I gotta go party with my band."

School was getting fucking lame. I was in college for seven years and I hadn't graduated yet. I had five classes left. It was not doing it for me. I used the band as an excuse to Dad to get out of school. Dad said, "You're cut off.'" But it's fine, I'm a lot better off these days.

So to be in a noise band you don't need any previous musical experience?

You need to spend time listening and doing your thing. I didn't play guitar for a long time, I played synthesizers, organs, and drums.

When?

For years! You were already in New York when I was going to school half-assed, smoking weed all the time… I hope Mom and Dad don't read this interview.

They probably will.

Well, anyway, I would jam because there was nothing else to do. I started seeing noise bands. Dead Machines, that was one of the first bands I saw and they blew me away.

I remember that, when I was in high school, you listened to the Crash Test Dummies.

No, I did not. Obviously.

I heard it coming out of your room. You know, I was trying to think of funny things about our childhood to talk about but I really can't think of anything.

I remember when [our older brother] Mike used to give you hell. He would hold you down and put a sock in your mouth and Cheez Whiz on your nipples! I found the photo the other day and Dad was like, "That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen."

PATRICK O'DELL

Lambsbread's debut album, Stereo Mars, *is out now on Ecstatic Peace.*

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GLOSSIN'

Lil Mama on Lip Care

TEXT BY WHOADIE ALLEN PHOTO BY PETER BESTE

Minus the bamboo earrings, Lil Mama is the around-the-way girl LL always dreamed of. This 16-year-old shorty woke up one morning, skipped class, and wrote a rap about her lip gloss. The result is a massive hit packed with references to high school lockers, L'Oreal brushes, and Mac watermelon flavor. "Lip Gloss" would be a gimmick if it wasn't for the part where she talks about the high school principal calling her to her office, and just when she thinks she's about to get suspended it goes a little something like this: "I stepped in the office like, 'Yes, Ms. McLarskin,' she's like, 'Girl, I ran out of my lip glossin', write down where you get yours from, cuz I must admit that bubblegum is poppin'!'" It's the best rap story since Big Bank Hank came home from school and took a dip in the pool.

Vice: You keep saying you're from both Brooklyn and Harlem. What's the difference?
Lil Mama: They're different. If you're from Harlem, your mind and your style are one way, and if you're from Brooklyn they're another. Like in Harlem, women pick up fashion from Manhattan, so you'll see Bergdorf bags and stuff, whereas girls in Brooklyn don't leave Brooklyn, so they'll have their own mentality. They get down for the crown every day. But don't get it twisted, girls in Harlem might still be birds, they just dress nice. Some of them are worse than Brooklyn chicks, honestly. A lot of them don't have any priorities, they just care about being dressed. They be chasing after guys with money so they can be dressed and still not have money.

And do they all wear lip gloss?
All the girls I hang out with are known for lip gloss. It's a necessity. Some days you got nothing to look forward to: Your hair ain't done, you didn't get paid, you ain't got nothing to wear so your older brother might be like, "Just wear a hoodie." But as long as your lip gloss is poppin' you can still look feminine.

I remember in high school girls use to share that stuff. Isn't that gross?
I mean, it goes down. But if another girl uses it, it's got to be a friend that's really close. Definitely not a MySpace friend. It depends who's your MySpace friend though.

Just make sure you never use that clumpy stuff that makes your lips feel funny. It's not worth it.

You could have close friends on there, friends you never met, people you might see in the street. You know, sometimes people live in your neighborhood, you see their face but you don't speak to them. MySpace might bring you closer to them—like if they sing or they dance, you might see their skills and get interested and then become close friends.

Would you share lip gloss with me?
Definitely not. It's got to be someone you've known forever. Like someone that I be around all the time. That would be either my cousin Shaniqua, Naima my other cousin, or Maricel. Matter of fact, I wouldn't even share lip gloss with Maricel. Oh, but you can put down Emerald. She's a really good friend of mine, I'd share lip gloss with her.

Where do you buy it?
Um, you can go to Duane Reade. They've got variety. I mean va-ri-e-ty. Or Rite Aid. I prefer not to use cheap stuff but it's about quality, not price. Some lip gloss might cost $2 and work for this person, some might cost $14 and work for another person. Just make sure you never use that clumpy stuff that makes your lips feel funny. It's not worth it.

How about white girls, what kind of lip gloss should they use?
White girls have lips?

"Lip Gloss" is out now on Jive.

LISTEN TO THIS AD

Caroline's virtual listening station can be found by visiting
● viceland.com

● OLD PODRIDA
OLA PODRIDA

● PANDA BEAR
PERSON PITCH

● SILVER DAGGERS
NEW HIGH AND ORD

● DIMMU BORGIR
IN SORTE DIABOLI

● EL-P
I'LL SLEEP WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

● JOAKIM
MONSTERS & SILLY SONGS

● SIA
LADY CROISSANT

● JARVIS COCKER
JARVIS

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THROBBING GRISTLE

PART TWO
THE ENDLESS NOT
IN STORES APRIL 3RD
WWW.THROBBING-GRISTLE.COM

mute

Photo courtesy of the author

Sperm Sponges #1

Metrointeractive.com
Dir: Rob Rotten
Rating: 8

Can someone tell me how contraceptive sponges work? I understand that they go up inside a girl and create a dam but what I need to know is are they hard to put in, is a girl aware that it's in her vagina, and how often do you need to change them? The reason I ask is because my wife went OFF THE PILL on Valentine's Day and I need to figure out what to do. I can either a) start using those other two holes, b) not come home from work until after she's asleep, c) stop coming home at all, or d) come home from work after she's asleep, chloroform her so she doesn't wake up, and put one of them there contraceptive sponges up in her. I think that last one could work if she never became aware that the sponge was in her guts. I could blast and blast away and not knock her up. And depending how often the sponge needs to be changed I could keep chloroforming her whenever it was time to replace the sperm-soaked sponge with a new one. I'm sure eventually she'll get concerned and want to go see a doctor, which will be fine. I'll chloroform her right before our appointment, remove the sponge, and go get tested. The doctor will return and say we're both healthy and he sees no problem and we'll go home and try some more. But not before I knock her out and insert another sponge. You have to understand, I love kids. I want kids. But at this point I kind of like sex with my wife more—I'm selfish like that, I suppose. I emailed Gavin McInnes the other day asking how being a daddy is and he said, "It's great. Best thing ever. But don't expect to get laid for eight or nine months. First you don't want to do it because you don't want your dick in your baby's face, then, after it comes out, she's freaked out because her vagina just got beat up and she has no libido." I told him, "You are one helluva salesman. Now I'm totally ready to sign up. If *Vice* ever folds you should think about being an army recruiter." To be completely honest, I look forward to f'ing my lady when she's good and prego. I've always had a thing for chicks that are like nine or ten months pregnant. And lactation is such a turn-on. Mmmm, milk. But what if she rejects my desires? I dealt with a lifetime's worth of rejection in my three years of high school—I couldn't deal with being rejected by my wife. That would kill me. You know what else would kill me? If my wife went behind my back and started taking fertility drugs. Every "success" story I've ever heard has ended with people having between 3 and 14 kids. I'm a good man and I'll be a good father but fuck, that would send me over the edge. I'd probably end up killing the extra kids one by one with a shotgun for sport. Would fertility drugs work with my secret sponge implanted? Which is stronger? In a fight to the death who wins? Fertility drugs or contraceptive sponges? It's thoughts like these that make me wonder why the hell I ever stopped taking drugs.

CHRIS NIERATKO

For more Chris go to Chrisnieratko.com or NJskateshop.com.

BRIGHT EYES "CASSADAGA"

APRIL 10TH, 2007

CASSADAGA
CD/2LP · APRIL 10, 2007

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Digital Ash in a Digital Urn
& I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning

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T-shirt #4 by Mighty Healthy

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featuring exclusive designs from streetwear's premium independent brands.
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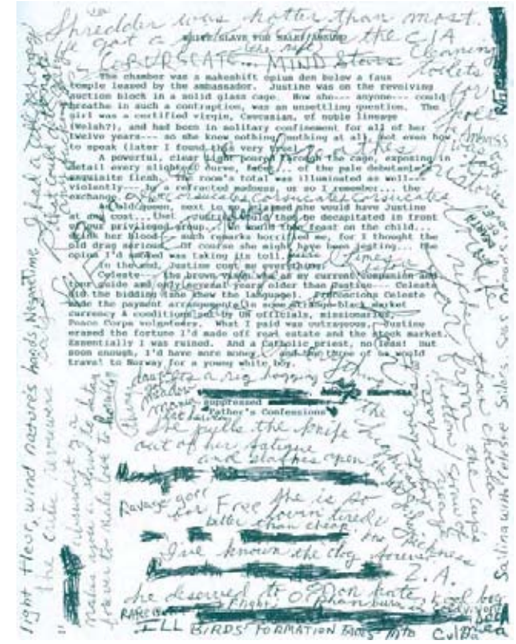
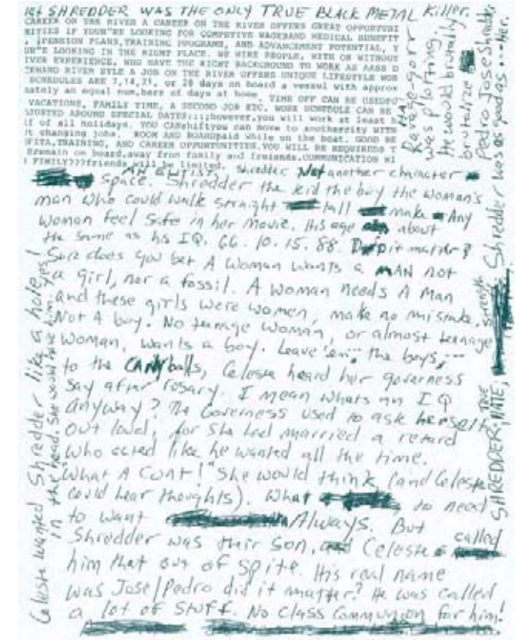
To join, please log on to http://www.digitalgravel.com . Can you dig it?

AS SEEN ON DG

It's back! After relegating it to a lengthy hiatus, we're happy to present a new installment of Not Fit to Print. This is where we show you some of the most awful, confusing, and sad shit we've gotten in the mail recently. We've built up quite a pile since the last go-round so let's dive right into the thick of it…





The return address on this Xeroxed mess was for a tiny Southern California noise label, so we can assume that instead of being the product of genuine mental illness, it's a case of yet another nerd aping mental illness in order to weird people out (which is probably its own mental illness, something like Munchausen's Syndrome by Dickhead). The typed portion starts out with part of a short story that reads like a high school D&Der's take on Peter Murphy lyrics…

WHITE SLAVE FOR SALE // ABSURD
The chamber was a makeshift opium den below a faux temple leased by the ambassador. Justine was on the revolving auction block in a solid glass cage. How she—anyone—could breathe in such a contraption, was an unsettling question. The girl was a certified virgin, Caucasian, of noble lineage (Welsh?), and had been in solitary confinement for all of her twelve years—so she knew nothing, nothing at all, not even how to speak (later I found this very true).

A powerful, clear light poured through the cage, exposing in detail every slightest curve, facet… of the pale debutante's exquisite flesh. The room's total was illuminated as well—violently—by a refracted madness, or so I remember… the exchange.

An old queen next to me claimed she would have Justine at any cost…that Justine would then be decapitated in front of our privileged group…we would then feast of the child…drink her blood—such remarks horrified me, for I thought the old drag serious. Of course she might have been jesting…the opium I'd smoked was taking its toll.

…On the second page, however, the things hang a sharp left into babble-land...

CAREER ON THE RIVER A CAREER ON THE RIVER OFFERS GREAT OPPORTUNINITIES IF YOU"RE LOOKING FOR COMPETIVE WAGESAND MEDICAL BENEFIT, ? PENSION PLANS, TRAINING PROGRAMS, AND ADVANCEMENT POTENTIAL, YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE RIGHT PLACE. WE HIRE PEOPLE WITH OR WITHOUT RIVER EXPERIENCE, WHO HAVE THE RIGHT BACKGROUND TO WORK AS AASS DECKHAND RIVER SYLE A JOB ON THE RIVER OFFERS UNIQUE LIFESTYLE WORK SCHEDULES ARE 7, 14, 21, or 28 on board a vessel with approximately on equal num,berr of days at home.

The shit scrawled over the whole deal is something like a cross between the two pages, and as best we can transcribe it, goes a little something like this…

Shredder was hotter than most. He got a job with the CIA cleaning toilets for hoes. The Ambass was a fag. Yet SHREDDER WAS THE ONLY TRUE BLACK METAL Killer. AN ELITIST. Shredder. Not another character space. Shredder the kid the boy the woman's man who could walk straight tall make any woman feel have in her movie. His age about the same as his IQ. 66.10.15.88. Did it matter? Sur does you bet A Woman wants a man not a girl, not a fossil. A woman needs A Man and these girls were women, make no mistake. Not a boy. No teenage Woman, or almost teenage woman, wants a boy. Leave 'em—the boys—to the candyballs, Celeste heard her governess say after rosary. I mean whats an IQ anyway? The Governess used to ask herself out loud, for she had married a retard who acted like he wanted all the time. "What A Cunt!"

Cover and text © 2007 Umlaut Brickauski

Also on the peddling-nonsense-as-brilliance front, this came to us in a home-made book of "One Page Plays," by Umlaut Brickauski. If the name alone hasn't clued you in to the brand of hypercaffeinated non-sequitur zaniness at play, here's a brief excerpt from *Overpopulated Sobriety*:

Tim: Jane?

Jane, a nude girl of 20 years, is twenty years old and does not respond, either because she doesn't hear him or because she is also twenty years of age.

Tim: Um… Jane?

Jane: Toodooloo Tim, why so chagrin?

Jane talked like this after sex.

Tim: The thing is… well, it's hard to tell, but I think the blasted condom broke.

A look of pure and utter hideous moroseness comes over Jane's face as if it were some sort of pulsing phallus.

Jane: (*Angry*) Again? Oh my god Tim you are such a big asshole slash idiot! Todoleemodolee.

Tim: I'm sorry. I *am* an idiot. (*Halfheartedly yelling to the skies with fist in air*) The gods and all of their prejudices!

...It goes on for 20 pages.

This was sent to us in response to an article from urologyhealth.org about how hard-ons are easier to injure than limp dicks. That's right, it was sent to us, not urologyhealth.org.

PENISES ARE FLOPPY AND RESILIENT?
THAT'S POPPYCOCK

Sure, they're floppy little things. And listen, black man reading this sniggering, who is now suddenly angry over the word sniggering—yours is a floppy little thing, too. Now, the barnacle, their dicks are ten size their body, they are cock and balls that grew legs, stood up, and pimp-limped their way down where ever barnacles live. That is dick. But why did an animal, namely us, evolve with all its stuff hanging free to be mangled, crushed, or severed, while most other species possess a retractable cock thus ensuring they can pass on their genes. It's nature's usual way of protecting cocks.

Scientists theorize our dicks are like Nerf. They can be sat on them, squeezed, and if there were people stupid enough—detached. Basically, our dicks hang low, we can tie them in a bow, and throw them over our shoulder like a gay hobo, and after all that abuse, within seconds they reform back into cocks. This ability, the scientists self-assuredly say, is why human dicks are well-protected little things.

All I've got to say to that is poppycock. Nonsense. Bullshit. Straight up motherfucking lies. Black man start sniggering. Not once, not twice, but *thrice* has my penis received non-pleasurable mouth-oriented blows. You educated lab coat wearing pricks, if three times my dick was nearly torn, slashed, or chopped off that means it is not resilient and flexible.

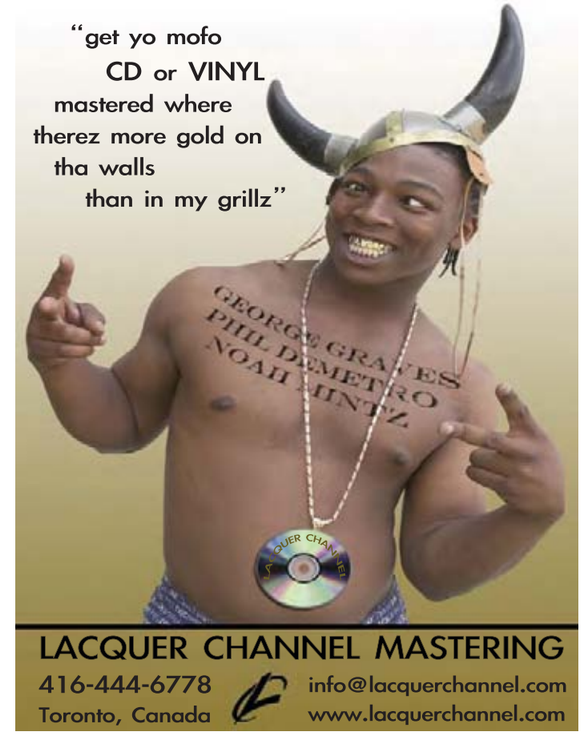
This genius goes on to describe the four times he's apparently cut open his dick. You'd think this would make for good reading, but it's so completely clogged with forced wocka-wockas that we'd be willing to bet a thousand bucks the writer is Australian.

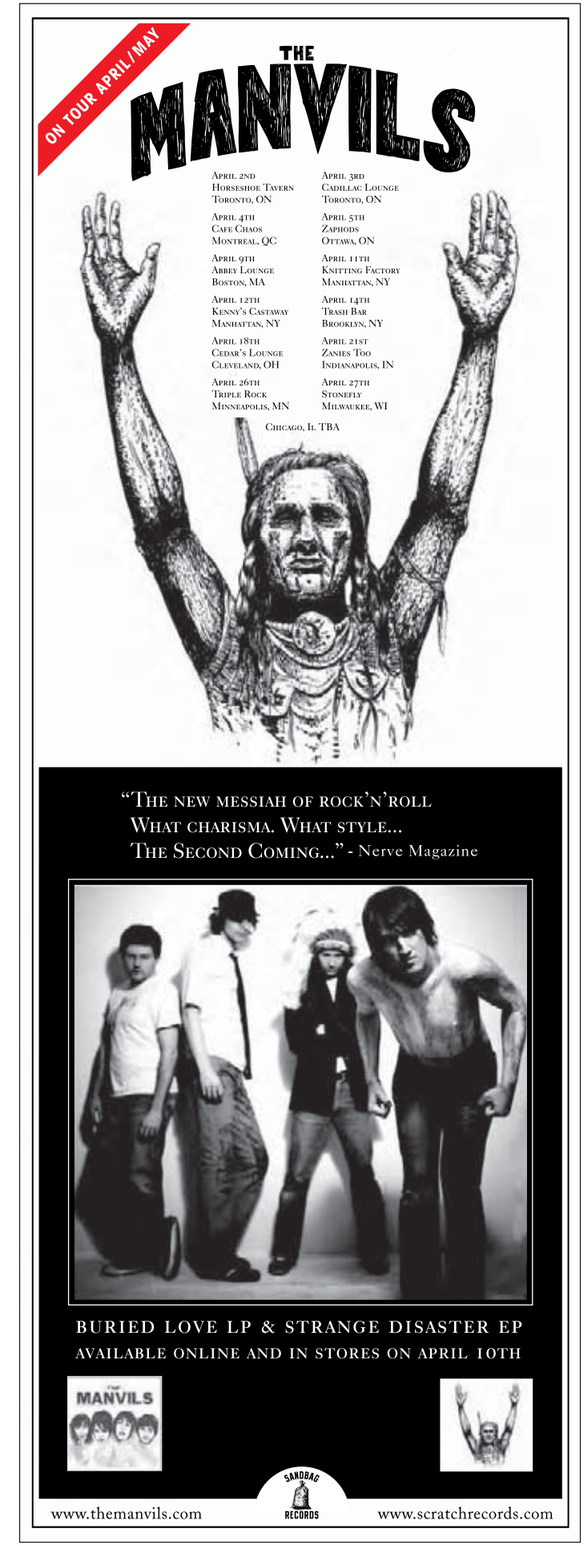
Finally, some girl named Emma sent us her list of "monthly funny," which appears to have been compiled solely from ancient bumper stickers and failed zingers that Henny Youngman crumpled up and threw in the trash…

1. Ninety-nine percent of lawyers give the rest a bad name
2. Borrow money from a pessimist—they don't expect it back
3. Time is what keeps things from happening all at once
4. Lottery: A tax on people who are bad at math
5. I didn't fight my way to the top of the food chain to be a vegetarian
6. Never answer an anonymous letter
7. It's lonely at the top; but you do eat better
8. I don't suffer from insanity; I enjoy every minute of it
9. Always go to other people's funerals, or they won't go to yours
10. Few women admit their age; few men act it

Christ, this is as depressing as a secretary in a bank with an "I Love Chocolate" coffee mug on her desk.

COMPILED BY VICE STAFF



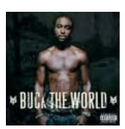


BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: THROBBING GRISTLE

RAP

PRODIGY
Return of the Mac
Koch

Everybody loves this project. After a humiliating G-Unit flop, Mobb Deep's Nigga Pee Thugly goes the indie route and teams up with Beverly Hills jew-boy Alchemist for this blaxploitation-themed album. And it's fucking great. They set it up with three incredible low-budget street videos, including the Geto Boys pastiche "Mac 10 Handle," and then what you get is a record packed with death threats over impeccably looped Stax horns. What else is there to life?
DAVID DASH



YOUNG BUCK
Buck the World
G-Unit/Interscope

You like Buck, I like Buck, the first album was a slept-on classic, and this one, well, not so much. He kind of pulled a Jeezy to tell you the truth.
MACHO

BLAQSTARR
Supastarr EP
Mad Decent

Will B-More club music be played-out by the time you read this? Well in case it isn't, cop this collection of lo-fi gems from this Baltimore space cadet who also murked it on Young Leek's "Jiggle It" beat.
WHOADIE ALLEN

ELECTRONIC

MATTHEW HERBERT
Score
Accidental

This is a selection of film scores from the work of Matthew Herbert, who has produced music for Bjork, Yoko Ono, and Serge Gainsbourg. His own website describes him as a "sampling wizard." (It also calls his albums "weapons of mass seduction"—barf.) The album includes music from *Le Défi*, *Vida Y Color,* and *Manolete*, which are all movies I haven't seen (nor had anyone else I talked to). You might vibe this album if, over a period of 50 minutes, you feel complicated, silly, like an electric dance ninja, relieved, and then complicated again.
ARMY MANN

DJ SCOTCH EGG
Scotch Hausen
Very Friendly/Adaadat

Most people who make chipcore—that is, electronic music made using hacked eight-bit machinery—do it because they're scared of adulthood and want to revert to a more innocent time before terrorists wanted to blow you up or you had to speak to girls. DJ Scotch Egg, aka Shige Ishihara, makes chipcore because Gameboys are really good at generating spastic gabba music for him to scream things over the top. Also he covers songs by Bach, Stockhausen, and blind, homeless outsider composer Moondog. I know it sounds bad, but take a chance for once in your life, why don't you.
LIL LOUIS

HARD STUFF

PONYS
Turn the Lights Out
Matador

I could be all grumpy music guy and tell you that people only cared about these guys for five minutes right after their first album came out and then go, "Wow! genius! Why don't you make a mostly midtempo grower of a third record for your fancy new label, fucking original," but you know what? This record is solid as a rock and kind of a total burner actually. But you'll probably be all, "I want cheap sarcasm and dismissive wit and they were better before they kicked that one dude out anyway." But actually, fuck you.
GREYGOOSE GARDENS

BORIS WITH MICHIO KURIHARA
Rainbow
Drag City

OK, so we've all spent the last year crowning Boris the new kings of, I dunno, like *everything*, and fair enough—*Pink* was sweeter than a chocolate-covered tween. But let's not forget THE greatest Japanese ax-rock band of the last 15 years (no, not Guitar Wolf): GHOST, motherfuckers. On this collaboration, oft-overlooked Ghost guitar-genius Kurihara interrupts some of the most boring bullshit Boris has ever laid to tape with the same mind-meltingness that even managed to make a Damon & Naomi record listenable a few years back. Worth checking out if only to remind yourself that Kurihara is the boss and you just work here and you're fired.
JAPANCAKES

JESSE "THE DEVIL" HUGHES : FRONT MAN EAGLES OF DEATH METAL
Vestal
VESTALWATCH.COM
RANGER
CASE: OVERSIZED STAINLESS STEEL
BAND: LEATHER
BUCKLE: BUTTERFLY SAFETY DEPLOYMENT
CRYSTAL: SOLID MINERAL
MOVEMENT: MIN / SEC CHRONOGRAPH WITH 24 HOUR WINDOW AND DATE
WATER RESISTANCE: 5 ATM
WRIST: THICK

WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: KINGS OF LEON

THE DEMON'S CLAWS
Satan's Little Pet Pig
In The Red

Despite the horrific band name and album title, not to mention the absolutely incomprehensible album cover art, this was, to my surprise: 1) Not heavy metal (it's uninspired bar-room punk), and 2) not that awful. Then again, it could all be a matter of expectations. Like, maybe I don't hate this because I was expecting overgrown loser teenagers screaming about demons, claws, and Satan, and I'm actually confusing pleasure with relief.
LARRY

DIE!DIE!DIE!
Self-titled
S.A.F.

There is just no excuse for this. I know that New Zealand is on the other side of the world, but I also know that they have the internet there. They have CDs. How such an amazing country with progressive politics and a fascinating cultural makeup could export such bland, angsty punk rock is a mystery to me. These little shits would not win a battle of the bands. Anywhere.
STEPHEN ALBEENEE

PELICAN
City of Echoes
Hydra Head

It's too late for these guys to change their incredibly lame name (seriously, guys, why not Penguin? Or Auk?), but they more than make up for it with this, volume three in their impeccable LEGACY OF RIGHTEOUS AWESOMENESS. It's kinda like the Platonic ideal of stoner metal: Completely instrumental, louder than hell, and more solid than an Amish barn. Perfect music for that rainy afternoon when all you want to do is get on the business end of a bong and read a stack of comics that feature a lot of dudes with swords slaying orcs and suchlike.
REDD VINE

THE STOOGES
The Weirdness
Virgin

Ha ha ha, I think it's funny to hear Iggy Pop sing a song called "Trollin'." And then he says, "My dick is turning into a tree," which is also pretty funny. What can I say, I'm easily amused. There's another song where the chorus goes, "My idea of fun is killing everyone." Again, I'm chuckling. Maybe I'm retarded, who knows, but I'd pretty much rather listen to shitty new Stooges songs than shitty new songs by some shitty new band who didn't already write the greatest album of all time (*Fun House*). PS: Iggy Pop is 60 YEARS OLD! And he's still hot!
MARY MCPANTS

THROBBING GRISTLE
Part Two: The Endless Not
Mute

Back when Throbbing Gristle coined the term "industrial music" it didn't mean stupid mid-American sociopaths squeezing into tight fetish gear. It meant that they literally wanted to sound like the inside of a factory. That's pretty cool, and so is their first album in over a quarter of a decade. Now they use laptops instead of tape loops and they write sort of decayed ballroom torch songs which Genesis P-Orridge sings like he's Edith Piaf being eaten by maggots. He looks more like Cameron Diaz's grandma of course, but it's still a pretty dignified return.
EL PEE

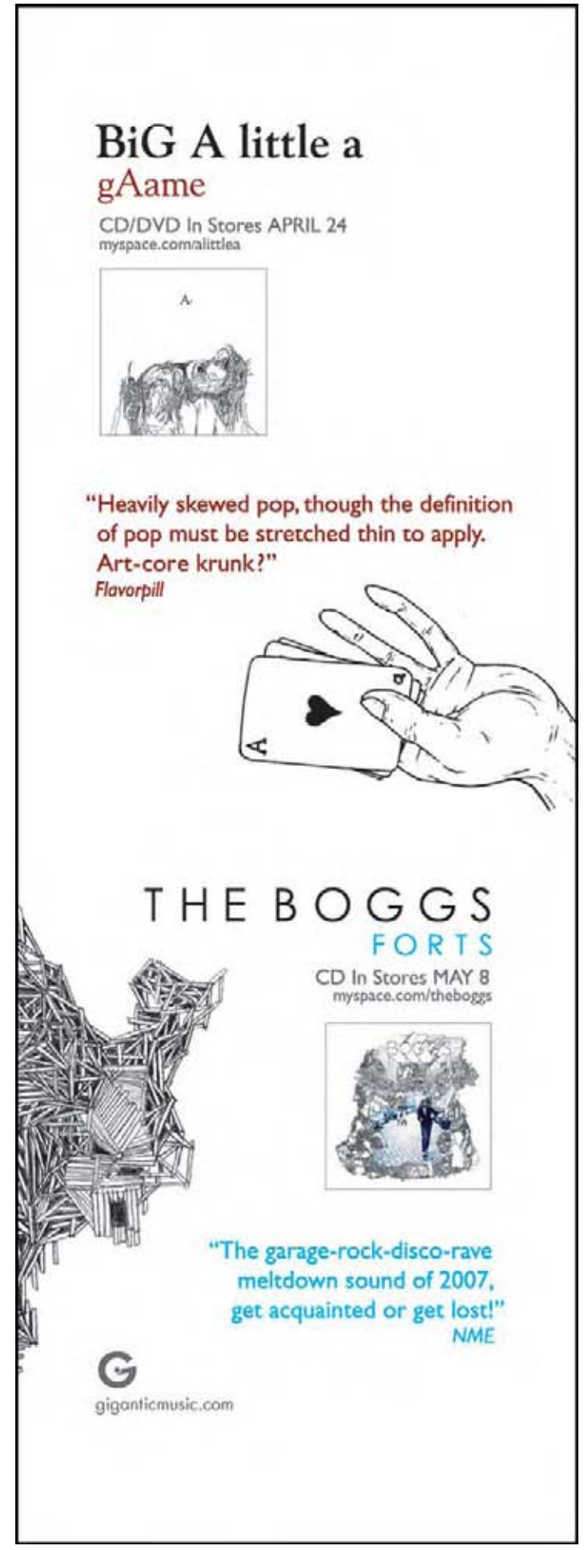
CUT CITY
Exit Decades
GSL

Interpol sure do take ages to get a record together, eh? If you are really bored of waiting and want to listen to some of that glacial, detached post-punk stuff with chiming guitar bits and a singer who sounds like he's bored but also kind of mad at you, I suppose you could do worse than check this out. Did you know that Interpol's original drummer used to play in Saetia? True story.
JIMMY KAY

SOFT STUFF

MANDO DIAO
Ode to Ochrasy
Mute

What is going on in Sweden? It's a country of 10 million people, with almost no natural resources, situated in the North Pole, and yet it has a GDP competing with Turkey's and larger than that of Saudi Arabia's. Not only are the people productive, but they are pretty, educated, and insist on encouraging a massive culture industry that produces beautiful bands like Mando Diao, not to mention Peter Bjorn and John, Bedroom Eyes, and the Knife. When Mando Diao kicked off their tour in Stockholm last month, the kids were so into it the floor literally gave way. Of course, because it is Sweden, no one was seriously hurt. This follow-up should make the Hives bristle with shame inside their ridiculous matching suits, if they are still alive. Stuff like this makes me rethink Aryan supremacy. *Länge leve Sverige!*
PAUL WHELLER



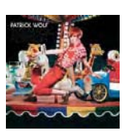
BEST COVER OF THE MONTH: JARVIS COCKER

JARVIS COCKER
Jarvis
World's Fair

Despite the snotty posing, JC seems like a nonpretentious guy who would be down with just hanging out and checking out whatever is on TV. Probably if Pulp didn't exist and *Live Forever* never came out, he would just be your average wiseass English dude tooling around in his kitchen and singing these same songs out loud to his cat. That's pretty much what I do, except I'm from Long Island so it sounds kind of retarded.
ARTIE PHILIE

MODEST MOUSE
We Were Dead Before the Ship Even Sank
Epic

You know when you bump into an old party-friend at a bar and you're like, "Hey, let me get you something, what are you drinking?" and instead of just saying Coke or a water they go, "Um, I'm in AA," all indignant? And then after the awkward pause they launch into a speech about how much better their life is now? It's like being haunted by the Ghost of Assholes Past for having had fun with them. PS: Why's Johnny Marr on here again?
UVE CHANGED



PATRICK WOLF
The Magic Position
Fatcat

Patrick, somehow you found time while growing up as a sexually ambiguous street kid in London and Paris to teach yourself to play the harp, harpsichord, guitar, piano, autoharp, organ, theremin, ukulele, viola, and violin. It sort of makes sense, then, that while getting rolled by a john in a subway bathroom you would dream up music that sounds like an electronic musical-theater arrangement from the sewer.
DRYW SKULLY

ANDREW BIRD
Armchair Apocrypha
Fat Possum

Well, it had to happen sooner or later. When you're a Midwestern singer-songwriter and your name is Bird, and you've avoided the obvious choice of incorporating the sounds of birds chirping into EVERY SONG—eventually you have to break the fuck down and just make the record people want you to make. Hell, why not put a bird on the album cover? Eh, go ahead. The songs are OK enough, but they lose their taste like every piece of gum that ever promised to not lose its taste.
AEGOLIUS ACADICUS

KINGS OF LEON
Because of the Times
RCA

True story: I was listening to this on my headphones and then I got so involved in a heated iChat that I forgot I was even listening to music. But I started to feel all fidgety and annoyed and I couldn't figure out why. It was like a nagging little throbbing in the back of my head. Then I realized it was the music. The music was reaching out from all the way in the back of my subconscious to tell me that it sucked. It sounds like how I think Crash Test Dummies used to sound, but I can't really remember. Oh, who cares. Blech.
BUFFINS SAINT MARIE

PAULA FRAZER AND TARNATION
Now It's Time
Accidental

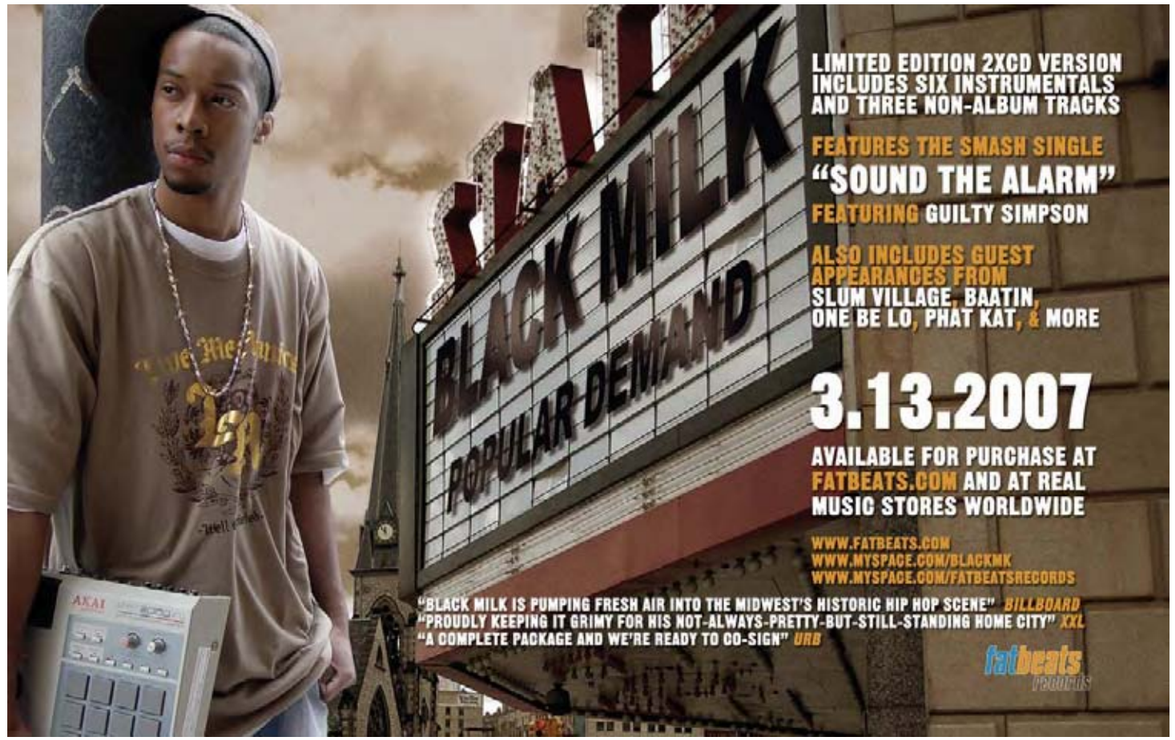
Sometimes I'll just take off all my clothes, put on this album, and cover myself in the freshest wildflowers I can find. Then I toss the really good sheets on my bedroom floor and just writhe around in them in front of the mirror. I call it "me" time.
SOL IPSIST

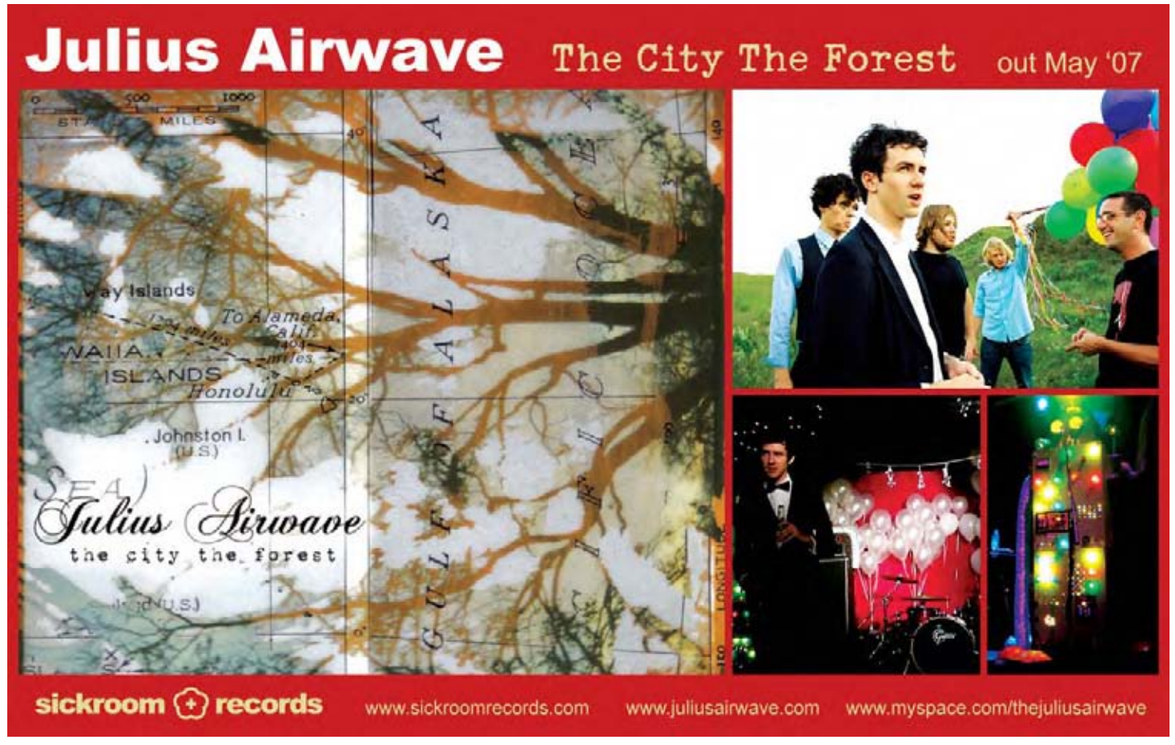
THE FRATELLIS
Costello Music
Fallout

Clapping along to songs FUCKING ROCKS. This album is as deep as a kiddie pool and, from all appearances, utterly proud of the fact. Modern bubblegum music along the lines of Supergrass (but not quite as smart) or the Bay City Rollers (but not quite as plaid) that's totally inoffensive and built to be listened to while getting drunk with some underage kids. Nice feeling.
MUSTAFA X

SWATI
Big Bang
Bluhammock

When Lilith Fair was around, this bartender I worked with, Matt, who was this rich asshole college kid, told me that certain female singers, like Sarah McLachlan, just "got" him. I think he even touched his chest when he said it. Later that summer, he tried to sell me on pyramid schemes. I feel like Matt would really enjoy this Swati lady, but let's give her the benefit of the doubt because her bio says she played trombone at Carnegie Hall, which is hilarious. There's not





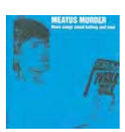
WORST COVER OF THE MONTH: MAGIC ZORILLO

a lot of consistency here, even within a given song. A lot of switching tempo, and not really enough structural integrity to be playing around the way she does. Nice strings at points, but also some annoying bongos. Good cover of "I'm on Fire," but also a bunch of self-indulgent experimentation. Fuck it. I like her voice.
JIMMY KANTPEE

WEIRD STUFF

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Wierd Compilation 2006
Wierd

This is a compilation of dark-wave, cold-wave, minimal synth-wave, and oh who can keep track of all the sub-subgenres. It's basically just really dark kill-yourself Joy Division type music. The 15 bands on here all performed at the legendary Wierd [*sic*] parties that went down (very down) in seedy bars in Brooklyn from 2003 to 2006. This comp is really beautiful and elaborate, with three records, a seven-inch, and a big booklet of photos of all the debaucherous shenanigans that are said to have occurred at these parties. Like a Joy Division wet-t-shirt contest and a deaf-mute Hasidic guy doling out blowjobs. Who said goths don't know how to party!
WINKLE PICKER



MEATUS MURDER
More Songs About Balling and Food
Self-Released

Where the hell did these mysterious weirdos come from? They are doing song parodies à la the master, Weird Al, but the difference is that they're doing a song about Jeffrey Lyons's film reviews to the tune of Belle & Sebastian's "Get Me Away From Here, I'm Dying" ("Get me a rave from Jeffrey Lyons") and a song about Mark McGwire to the tune of Eno's "Baby's on Fire." "Love Will Tear Us Apart" becomes "I Love Will Ferrell So Hard," and, oh yes, there is an ode to Garfield to the tune of a Nick Cave jam. What's better is if you go to their even more mysterious website fetusfervor.info and click on "tunes," you can either download this whole album for free or listen to the songs online while you watch a series of incredibly beautiful gif animations that make my heart sing.
KELLY AMNER

BATTLES
Mirrored
Warp

Jam-band music for metalheads, which is both good and bad. Battles is a band that is to be appreciated for the obvious musical skill of its members rather than the actual music they play together, which only an obsessive Frank Zappa and Primus fan could love. Their fans probably describe them as "tight," which is about as back-handed as a compliment can get.
CRIMSON KINGSTON

PARTS & LABOR
Mapmaker
Jagjaguwar/Brah

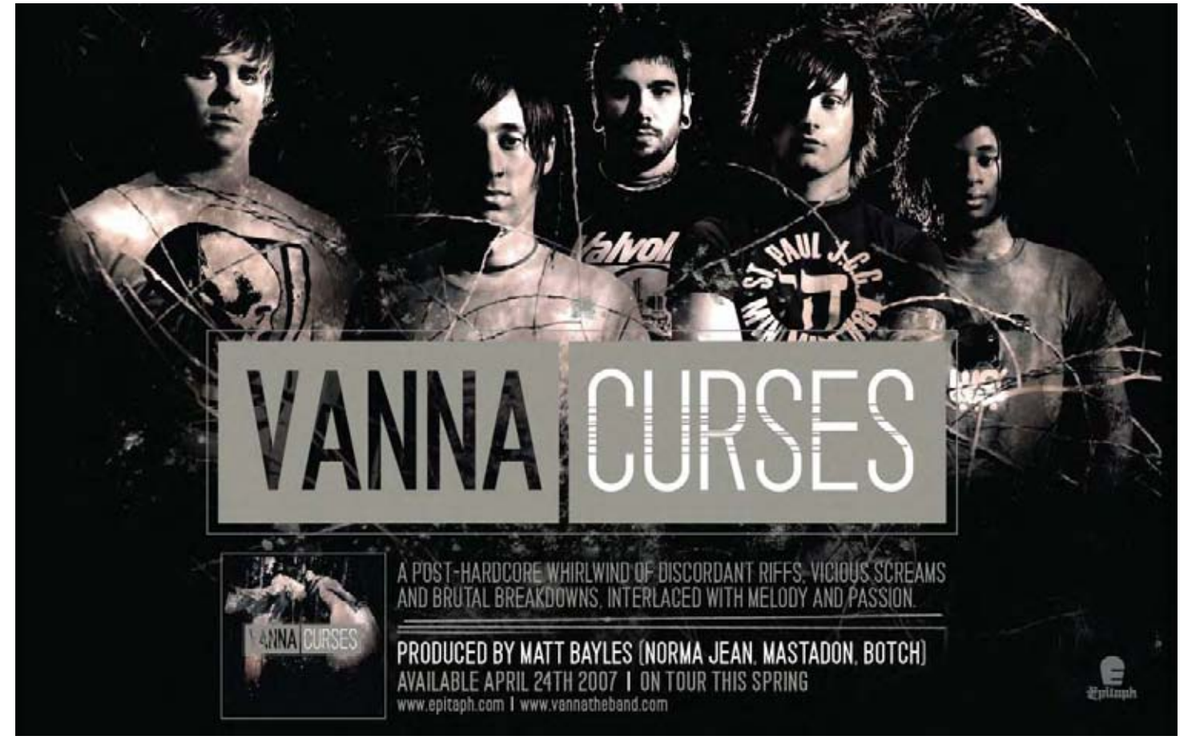
The other day this guy I know was singing that asinine John Mayer song about waiting for the world to change or whatever. It got stuck in my head all night and I even caught myself whistling it later on while doing dishes. Skip ahead to ten minutes ago as I'm listening to this beep-bloop crap and trying to think of clever shit to say, when out of nowhere it pops into my brain to torture me again. My point is that if your record can't trump some dude mumbling a fourth-rate soft-rock tune, you either need to rethink your approach or make yourself useful and help me with these goddamn dishes.
LIP SORE

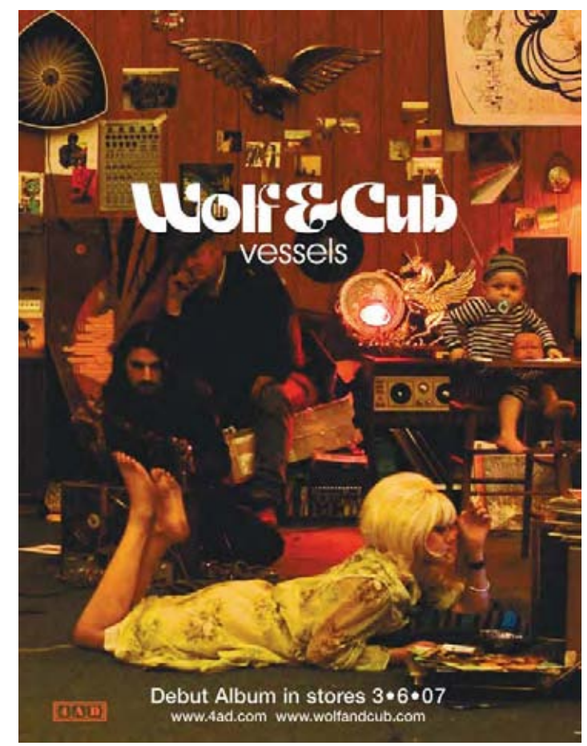
HAUSCHKA
Room to Expand
Fatcat

Jesus, an album of fanciful prepared-piano pieces with gauzy strings and titles like "Watercolour Milk" might have been "out there" half a century ago, but in our post-Rammstein world this is basically a musical "punch me" sign. Just kidding, people in the 50s would have called this gay too.
FRANKEL JOCKFACE

MAGIC ZORILLO
Kraut Bastards in the Black Forest... or... It's Uncle Frank!
Sneezing Elephant

A CD is handed to you by a pony-tailed dude with stretched earlobes at an industrial-noise show in an art gallery. It's got a goofy album title, a photoshopped scene from *Hellraiser* on the CD cover, and the creepily gorilla-masked band members bathed in neon blacklight on the back. A typical song title is "Intergalactic Rape Scene." What are the chances this CD will be anything other than terrible? Let me tell you, it is a slim chance, my friend. A sleeeeeem chance. Well, guess what, Magic Zorillo, you effing did it. You have officially handed out the first CD to a stranger in a public setting that a) is a rather pleasant listen (instrumental jam-outs, half Philip Glassy, half, I dunno, Butthole-Surfersy B-horror movie soundtrack), and b) even more unlikely, ends up actually getting reviewed in a real live publication! Let me reiterate that this is a one-in-a-bamillion occurrence and if people start trying to hand me shitty CDs all the time now I'm gonna get super-bummed.
MEG SNEED





IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

Continued from pg. 90

along the walls are electric conveyor belts that will later be used to load in supplies, and at the bottom of the ramp lies the reception and decontamination area. Here, when re-entering the shelter after a trip out into the blasted radioactive landscape of hell, Ark Two members will shower off particles of fallout. Once through decontamination, you enter the shelter proper: About 30 bus-size rooms that branch off a main hallway that runs the length of the shelter.

Most of the floors are scuffed, dirty linoleum. It makes things a little homey. The lighting is generally bare bulbs in those plastic sconces they use on construction sites. It's a dull, dirty yellow light, but not dim. And it's roomier than you would think down there. Probably because of the school buses, it has a run-down institutional vibe, more like the basement of an abandoned elementary school than a scary hole in the ground from which to hide from total nuclear annihilation of all that we hold dear and the collapse of humanity from a civil society into roving packs of flesh-eating mutants on jury-rigged motorcyles.

As you walk to the back of one of the bunk rooms, past the six bunk beds lining each wall, your chest might start to feel a little tight. The sleeping quarters are segregated by sex and age. The signs outside each room are coded with animal names, to make it fun for kids waiting out the end of the world. Adult women are Antelopes, adult men Bulls, young girls Cats/Kittens, teenage girls Deer, teenage boys Elk, young boys Frogs, and very young children Gerbils. And don't worry: There is a designated, private area for having sex.

At the center of the shelter, next to the generator room, is the command area. Bruce thinks of Ark Two as a landlocked submarine. He's the captain, and just like on a ship at sea, he has absolute authority. He is aware of the potential for mutiny and will sleep in a windowless little cell adjacent to the command area and the generator room, a sort of bunker within a bunker.

Many of the rooms are empty shells with a piece or two of basic furniture and a sign designating a hypothetical purpose. There is a Library with shelves but no books, a Computer Room with no computers, and a Transmitter Room with no transmitters. Other rooms are false starts or misfires. Someone gave Bruce a dentist chair and an X-ray machine, so he designated a dental area, but the chair is mostly rusted out and vandals broke the X-ray. People were asking Bruce how he was going to handle the inevitable crushing despair and cabin fever, so he started to build a sensory-deprivation chamber. You know, those big coffins filled with body-temperature saline that could theoretically be used to treat someone who was having a mental breakdown (although in the movie *Altered States* all it did was turn William Hurt into a werewolf and then into a protoplasm man-thing). Anyway, Bruce's sensory-deprivation tank didn't work out, so now it's a plywood closet that's being used to store foam sleeping pads. And Bruce doesn't give much credence to talk of incapacitating despair, anyway. "If the bomb falls, we're all survivalists. People say, 'Oh, we don't want to live through it anyway.' No way." To Bruce's mind, when the fit hits the shan we're all going to be ready to rumble.

Many of these rooms will probably be better equipped after the shit goes down and Bruce does his final load-in. I couldn't get him to say exactly what he did and didn't have stored off-site. But before all of these half-finished and downright imaginary amenities start to give you the feeling that Bruce has built himself a million-dollar couch fort, consider the basic systems of the shelter, the way it provides for the fundamentals of survival.

SURVIVING ARMAGEDDON

OK, so what do you need to survive underground for three months?

AIR, SANS FALLOUT—Those rusty tank things on the compound are air-intake towers. They are constructed so that particles can't get into them and those that do won't make it into the shelter. Bruce explained it all to me, and it's a bit complicated, so if you're curious go look at his website. (I bet you won't.)

CLEAN WATER—Ark Two's private well, located near the back door, was completed in 2000. "We have two pumps for the well, and if the pumps fail, we have a pressure pump, and if that fails, then we use the milk tanker [a 5,000-gallon tanker truck filled with water that sits near to the well]. And then we can winch buckets up from the well."

WASTE DISPOSAL—Sewage-wise, the shelter has a "Large Motel Size" septic tank with room for lots of shit.

FOOD—Bruce stores some food in the shelter, and more at his house. Honey and wheat are the two best survival foods. They both last basically forever. Bruce likes to say that wheat buried in ancient Egyptian tombs has been found sprouting in the present day. Depending on how many people show up at the shelter when the war begins, and what they bring with them, food may be a problem. But it's not a long-term thing. After five or six weeks, people will be able to leave the shelter for extended periods of time to forage amid the ruins.

POWER—There are two generators at the Ark Two. Currently, the primary generator is an old yellow Caterpillar from the 1940s, and the backup is a 75-watt Perkins. If both of these fail, Bruce has bicycles that can be hooked up to a generator and pedaled continuously to provide minimal power. Diesel for the generators is stored in underground tanks that are not connected to the shelter. The exhaust system works well—when the generators are running, they stink up the compound, but you can't smell exhaust inside the shelter.

A STALWART WILL—I asked Bruce what he would do with the legions of people who would show up at his door, begging for shelter. "If people came by, we'd have a couple of guards standing at a barrier at the top of the road, saying, 'Greetings. The shelter's full. We can't accept any more. But, you know, the road's that-a-way.' We wouldn't explain to them that we were talking to the walking dead, of course. If these people have been out there for three days wandering, at ten roentgens of radiation per hour, they're not going to be with us very long."

Bruce won't speculate about what will happen to the shelter if he and his wife pass on before the war, because he believes the war is imminent. But friends and supporters of Bruce whom I spoke with think that if he were to die, the local authorities would quickly destroy the underground structure—something they've been trying to do since the day the concrete was poured.

BEN WHITE

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JIMI HENDRIX crossword

Across
1. Jimi covered one of his songs
3. Live mid-song SNL switch ala Jimi on BBC
5. Jimi's was "Bold as Love"
6. Color of Jimi's house?
7. Sorcery
9. Isle of _____ festival was one of Jimi's final shows
12. Three squared
14. First track on "Axis: Bold as Love"
16. The square root of 36
18. "Excuse me while I kiss the sky"
21. Lulu was Jimi's host here
23. Less dense than fog
24. Either Voodoo or Highway
25. "And the gods _____"

Down
1. She released her recording of "Voodoo Chile" in 1998
2. Woodstock venue owner
4. Francis _____ Key
6. Blues staple of many Jimi performances
8. Joss
9. Earth _____ and Fire
10. Excuse me, Joseph?
11. Seattle radio station
13. As if with stars
15. Color for Haze or Rain?
17. Uncontrollable
19. Paul Allen's Jimi-inspired museum, initially
20. Mythological effect?
22. "Let me stand next to your _____"

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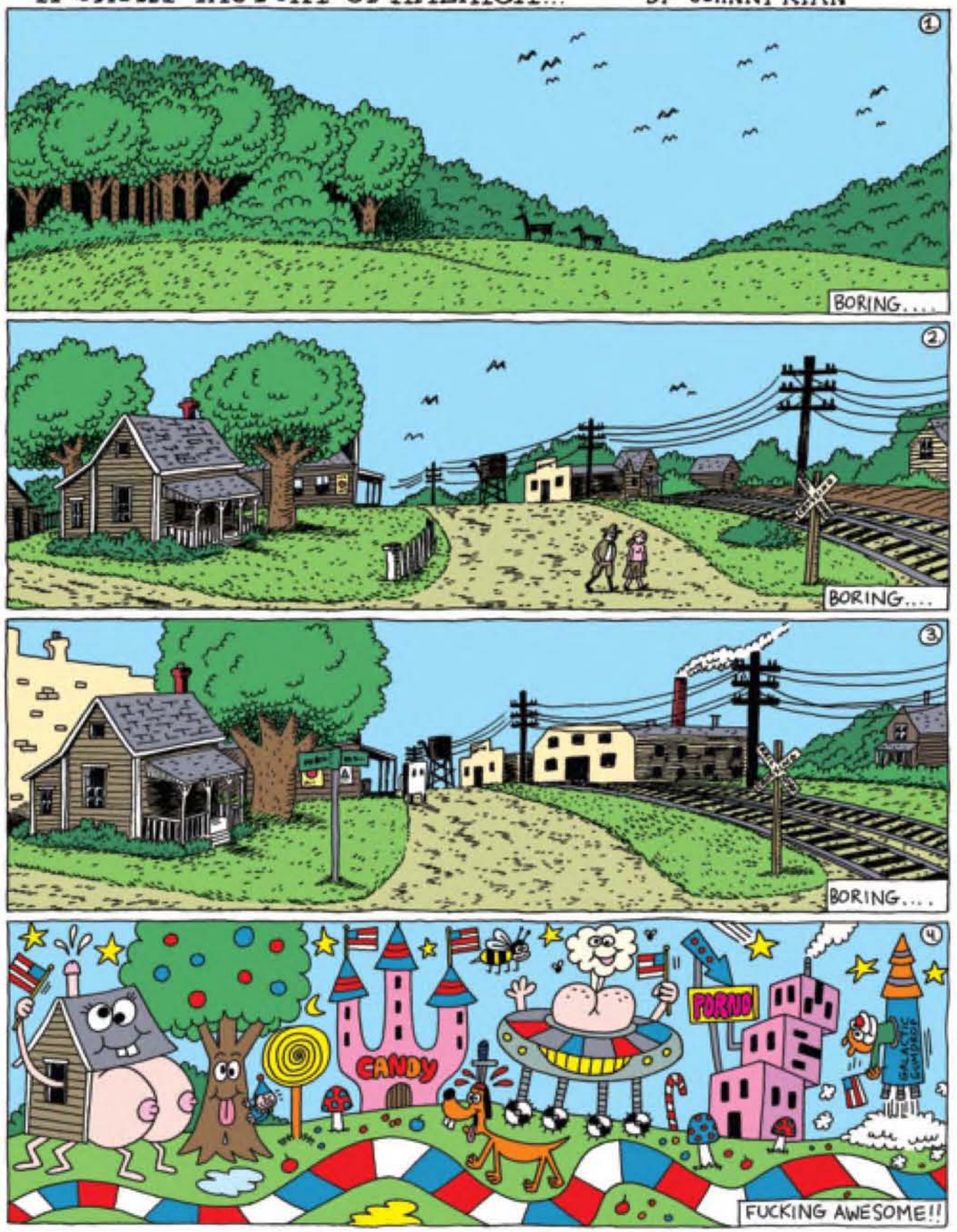

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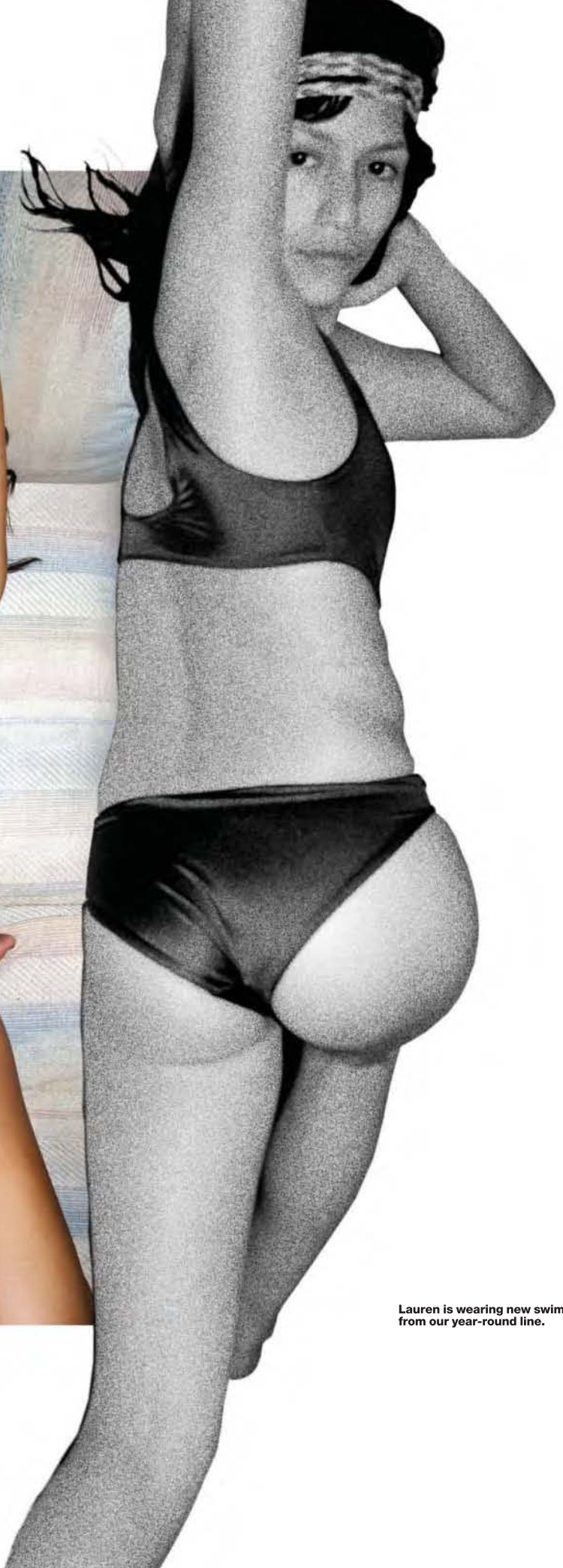

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